WORLD SOCCER

DECEMBER 1968

THREE SHILLINGS

Mario Coluna

(Benfica and Portugal)

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GERMANS ON TOUR

THE arguments for and against a mid-winter break have been discussed often enough to make another résumé unnecessary here but the use to which the break can be put is demonstrated this month by the West Germans' tour of South America. Even before the break was introduced in Germany, the National XI usually managed to fit in at least one match around Christmas, even if it was only a quick trip to Egypt or North Africa. Now, a break that can be counted in days rather than hours, makes it feasible to contemplate matches in Argentina, Chile and Mexico.

Building on the comparatively successful 1967–68 campaign during which a new and relatively young team emerged, Helmut Schon takes full advantage of the jet-age. Introducing his squad to the terrain he hopes they will fight over in 1970, he can still get the party back home for Christmas with their families. Unfortunately for him, the travel schedule will not allow more than one match in Mexico and while it will be important—physically and psychologically—to note which of his players can produce a good performance at altitude, the second problem revolving around rapid recovery will have to be left in abeyance.

Rajko Mitic, boss of the Yugoslav national squad, also planned to take his team to South America in December. However, objections from the top clubs who are finding that professionalism not only answers some of their problems but also creates many more, may make it necessary to cancel the trip, or at least force the FA to trim it down to the briefest possible period. Provisionally, the Yugoslavs planned four matches against Latin American opposition but as we go to press only the game in Rio, agreed during the Brazilians' last tour of Europe, has been confirmed. Mitic will no doubt hope to play at least once more before bringing his players home but the clubs have plans for private ventures of their own.

Meanwhile, the Yugoslavs will be more than interested spectators in the Spain-Belgium match to be staged at the Chamartin stadium in Madrid. Having held a point against Spain in spite of being forced to field a team of only "B" strength, it will be Belgium they fear most. It therefore follows that a good win for Spain will restore the Yugoslavs' morale for they are more than optimistic about their own chances in Madrid.

Although the Belgians are the leaders of their qualifying group their most difficult fixtures are still to be played. The current form of the Anderlecht stars on which the national team has very largely been based must make both Spain and Yugoslavia optimistic about their chances.

Portugal's 3-0 win over Rumania in Lisbon suggests that they, too, will be amongst the qualifiers in 1970 but the visit to Athens represents a real test. Jacinto, the former Benfica *libero* now switched to right-back in order to fill a glaring weakness, was the star of the Rumania match, scoring two goals himself and generally playing a vital part in the Portuguese build-up. With Coluna still producing the class and his club partner Graca playing even better than in 1966, the Portuguese problems are the old hesitancy in defence and an almost desperate dependence on Eusebio in attack.

The Greeks can, of course, be a real handful in Athens, where referees are generally tolerant of their wholehearted approach to physical contact. Though they can very often go too far—as they did against Austria in the spring—the Greeks are improving steadily and made a bigger impression on the gallery of international critics who saw them lose 1-0 away to Switzerland. Though the Swiss got the points it was the Greeks who took the limelight and it seems clear that unless the Portuguese attack functions fluently they will return home with their plans for 1970 in jeopardy.

In the other World Cup battles, Costa Rica should dominate their matches against both Honduras and Jamaica. Over the years they have consistently proved themselves to be second only to Mexico in the Central American zone and if the game in Jamaica is improving rapidly, the professional clubs in the United States are steadily attracting the best players.

The Republic of Ireland will do well to hold both points from the visit of Denmark, who improved considerably during their recent matches with Czechoslovakia. The Irishmen are at a definite disadvantage in their group with the Czechs having taken a four-point start and the real power—Hungary—hardly likely to drop both points in any of their matches. To retain their outsiders' chance the Irish must certainly take four points from Denmark.

For a variety of reasons the holders of the World Cup are always at a disadvantage. As well as being the team that everyone tries to beat, the holders are denied the opportunity to test their team in competitive conditions and for this reason, England's pass into the last 16 must be regarded as a handicap. As a test of skill and temperament, friendly matches, like the visit of Bulgaria, will be no guide to performance when England play in Mexico.

The Bulgarians have improved enormously since their last appearance at Wembley, which was in fact their first visit, too. Clashing with Britain in the qualifying rounds of the 1956 Olympic tournament, the Bulgarians fielded all their top names, including Panayotov and Kolev, but were still unable to master the British amateurs. The present boss of the Bulgarian national team is Dr. Stefan Bojkov, who was captain of the side around that time and will no doubt recall the awe with which the Bulgarians beheld Wembley. England's reputation at home is still her greatest weapon against visiting foreign teams.

Amongst the players who are likely to play at Wembley are two who would poll a large percentage of the votes in any attempt to find a World XI. These two are, of course, right-back Schalamanov and inside-left Yakimov, who did so well in the last World Cup. Though Georgi Asparoukhov, the Levski centre-forward, has a great many admirers, he is never at his best against defenders who try to hustle him into mistakes. Knowing this, Dr. Bojkov might well prefer the former Beroe star, Peter Jekov, at Wembley.

DIMITER YAKIMOV. (Tanielian)

The Month Ahead

by

ERIC BATTY

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5	Honduras v. Jamaica	Tegucilgalpa*
8	Jamaica v. Honduras	Tegucilgalpa*
11	England v. Bulgaria	Wembley
11	Greece v. Portugal	Athens*
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*World Cup Qualifying Matches

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World Soccer

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Editor:
JACK ROLLIN

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Suarez of Estudiantes heads clear with Best and Morgan (nearest camera) in attendance for Manchester United. Number 5 for Eustudiantes is Medina. (Meeks)

ARGENTINA RETAINS

THE 1968 World Club championship has come and gone and done nothing to improve the standing of modern football. Indeed, FIFA have been urged to put an end to the series and if this step has not yet been taken there are many powerful voices urging that it should be done.

Many of the most vociferous critics are British and they unfortunately only discovered the competition in 1967. A year earlier Penarol and Real Madrid were the two contestants for the Inter-Continental Cup and the second leg played in Spain was screened live throughout Europe. It was not seen, of course, in Britain, but the general opinion of the estimated 180 million TV audience was ... "enchanting". Pachin of Real Madrid was sent off in Montevideo but this did not prevent the second leg reaching the entertaining standard one now expects only from exhibition matches.

From a football point of view there is little that can be said about the matches between Manchester United and Estudiantes. If one is completely objective about it all it will be recognised that these games were staged entirely for money and prestige. It had nothing to do with football at all. Regrettably, this is true of many matches at all levels and to propose as many have, that the series should be discontinued is to ignore the central problem.

Before the match at Old Trafford we had been treated to the BBC's highlights of the first leg. Bearing in mind that their view was that British teams should boycott Argentina in future, I cannot see that what was screened was in fact the most sporting part of the game. To back up their case, the BBC had to show us all the "devilish" tricks the Argentinians got up to, but all they did was to convince me that the shouting was over nothing. Basing my assessment

by ERIC BATTY

only on what was screened by the BBC, it is my firm opinion that the first leg was no less sporting, no more dirty than many a First Division match in England.

In Manchester I spent the first ten minutes ignoring the ball and watching players. Had the referee followed this line the match would not have reached half-time without one side having been reduced to less than the minimum eight players, but no doubt for diplomatic reasons the officials watched the ball. As the game commenced the Estudiantes players picked up the men they had been detailed to shadow and this sparked off an immediate exchange of blows. With the ball 40 yards away, the pair I watched for the first two minutes exchanged a kidney punch, an elbow in the ribs, a violent push and a kick which fortunately missed. Neither man at this time had been anywhere near the ball, and when I turned my attention to other "pairs" other private battles were already being waged.

No referee on earth could have kept track of everything that went on "off the ball", and until the match finally exploded after an hour it was my view that the Yugoslav referee, Mr. Zecevic, had done as well as could be expected. From the moment that Best lost control of himself, all the referee's authority had dissolved. One more major incident then and it could have ended in a brawl.

As an advertisement for football it was a wash-out but the match itself gives rise to a great many interesting questions. Have the Argentinians always been "nasty"? Can we expect the authorities to take firm action and clean up the game? Will they receive support from the clubs? Unfortunately my answer to all these questions is no.

CONCEDE

To deal with the Argentinians first we can concede that they are among the most ruthless exponents of the modern game, but they were not by any means the first to adopt a cynical attitude.

WORLD TITLE

Seventeen years ago Argentina were invited to play at Wembley as part of the Football Association's Festival of Britain celebrations. The Argentinians, who lost 2-1, were positively old-fashioned—playing to the attacking centre-half game discarded in Britain 20 years before, and scorning the use of shinguards. There was no hint of unpleasantness and even the Argentinian full-backs presented bare shins and an inclination to dribble.

In Buenos Aires the game was at that time still regarded as an art. The fans paid their money to see the stars produce their skill. For the "hinchas" it wasn't enough to dribble past an opponent: the favourites had to make the opposition look like idiots. Every conceivable way of beating an opponent was given a name and each of the stars was noted for his tricks with the ball. When one of the favourites beat an opponent the crowd howled for him to go back and do it again!

PROBLEM

Meanwhile the game in Europe had left the Argentinians far behind but it was a long time before this was finally accepted in Buenos Aires. For the 1958 World Cup, Argentina went to Sweden with a team still based on the attacking centre-half. Tactically and physically, the Argentinians were no match for the Europeans. The final humiliation was a 6-1 defeat against Czechoslovakia, for even the Czechs did not qualify for the quarter-finals.

At long last the Argentinian *tecnicos* recognised that their game was out-of-date but several attempts to reorganise their defences were greeted by the press and public alike with derision. Like their English counterparts the Argentinian fans were convinced that their football was the best in the world. They could not and would not face facts until the Europeans had proved otherwise ... in Buenos Aires.

The clincher, as far as the Argentinians were concerned, came in November 1961, when the touring Russians won 2-1 in Buenos Aires. Eighteen months earlier, the Russian steamroller had won the European championship with big, uncompromising and well-organised defenders and the burly "tank" type centre-forward in Ponedelnik.

To the Argentinians this was a blow comparable to England's 3-6 and 1-7 defeats against Hungary in the 1963-64 season and from then onwards their game began to change. The process was accelerated a few months later when Argentina once more failed to reach the quarter-finals in the 1962 World Cup staged in neighbouring Chile and six of the last eight were Europeans. From this point on, the Argentinians were to adopt the European game and to give themselves to it wholeheartedly.

The point at which we have now arrived is that the problem is not, as many would like to think, centred on the Argentine. It is a world problem which affects us all. The Argentinians are neither angels nor devils: they are professional footballers eager to earn their bonuses.

Next weekend, in dressing-rooms across the world, managers will be giving their players last-minute instructions. Very many of these men face the certain knowledge that defeat for their team can bring dismissal. Everyone knows that to lose is not to get a bonus. The money varies from team to team and from country to country but we cannot escape the fact that it is money which is ruining the game.

With so much at stake many managers are giving explicit instructions to their players that ... "Smith, Kovacs, Schmidt" is the key man in the opposing line-up. Stop him and we stop the team. He then nominates one player whose job it will be to see that the "star" does not play. "Get on his back and stay there," says the boss, "and if he moves kick him!"

Of course, this is not true of all managers, but it is the attitude of some. The manager who does not order his players to kick but does not discipline the one or two that do, is almost as bad. His "well done, lads" as his victorious players enter the dressing-room at the end serves to condone those who have kicked as well as complimenting those who have played well.

FIFA, UEFA and the National Associations have played a major part in allowing the game to degenerate. They continue to do so, every day that they fail to recognise that refereeing standards have never been lower. They must now seek to know why this should be so, but they have so far refused to recognise that there is a problem here.

Of course, the real authority is still wielded by the clubs, for it is they who pay the salaries and bonuses. If winning is all that matters—as it is to many—then the players soon realise this. They also very quickly weigh up a weak referee: often with disastrous results.

To put just a few points for general thought: referees should no longer be marked by the clubs but assessed by former referees and ex-players of the right calibre. Former players might also be encouraged to take up refereeing at around 25 when still playing. They could be given control of amateur matches in mid-week and the most promising pushed progressively through the grades to reach the top at around 40.

If at the same time the referee's fee was made more worth while—£100 for a First Division game cannot be too much from gate receipts that often exceed £10,000, and finally to give the referees more encouragement to clean up the game by handing out really stiff suspensions *and making them stick.*

On this point it must be remembered that FIFA announced before the 1962 World Cup that any player sent off would automatically be suspended for the next match. Several players were in fact prevented from playing in their team's next match but all FIFA's brave threats came to nothing when Garrincha was sent off in the semi-final against Chile. According to the pronouncement he should not have played in the final against Czechoslovakia but the records show that he did.

Similarly, prior to the Estudiantes-Manchester United matches FIFA let it be known that anyone sent off would be barred from all international competitions for three years. After the event FIFA backed down once more, to suspend one player for *one match* and two players for *two matches.*

A great deal can be done to improve refereeing standards if the authorities have the will. In selecting referees for advancement, training and incentives the National Associations can do a great deal but in the final analysis the real responsibility for restoring the prestige of football lies with the professional clubs.

CONDONE

To pretend that football is a sport, even in the pseudo-amateur countries like Russia, Hungary and Sweden, is to condone what is going on. At the top level football is no longer a sport but a business and for everyone involved it can be extremely profitable.

As the rewards for the most successful sides have mounted it was almost inevitable that the game would become more violent. This trend will continue unless and until the authorities find the wit and the courage to act.

Money has created the problem and in my opinion money could answer it. At the moment we have some clubs which order their players to kick the key opponents, and other clubs which condone the kickers by declining to discipline players. It's no good a manager saying weakly: "I ask them not to play dirty or to retaliate." He must accept responsibility for everything that happens on the pitch and he must demonstrate that he does not approve of foul play and will not tolerate it by dropping the culprits.

However, to expect some managers to do this—dropping their players who kick for weeks on end, while their opponents continue to condone their kickers—is perhaps asking too much of many men. In all the circumstances the authorities must find a way of persuading the clubs to discipline their players.

This, I suggest, can be done quite simply. Put an end to the practice of suspending players sent off or cautioned and place the responsibility where it rightly belongs ... on the clubs.

If a professional club has a player sent off then fine the club £1,000 and let it be known that should another player from that club be sent off then the fine will be doubled. Starting such a system in January 1969 we may find that within two years some clubs face the certain knowledge that any player sent off (the sixth dismissed player since the new system began) would cost the club £32,000.

I suggest that referees would respond to this system combined with £100 match fees and the clubs would be forced to recognise that they could no longer afford to encourage or condone players who kick.

YUGOSLAVIA IN DANGER OF CUP KO

A RUDE awakening for Yugoslavia, so nearly champions of Europe, and now in dire danger of failing to reach the 1970 World Cup finals ... an ominous defeat for Wales against the European champions, Italy ... a bright start for Northern Ireland and Portugal ... Czechoslovakia come through the crisis of half-fit footballers ... Sweden begin to look formidable opposition for France ... West Germany win a critical match in Vienna ... Bulgaria have the breaks against the Netherlands. And among the minnows, Canada complete their programme ... the altitude gets the better of Sudan in Zambia.

So much for the disappointments and the surprises; now a summary of the scores and the 14 groups struggling to produce opposition to England and Mexico in two years' time:

EUROPE

Group 1
Switzerland 1, Greece 0
Portugal 3, Rumania 0

Group 2
Denmark 0, Czechoslovakia 3
Czechoslovakia 1, Denmark 0

Group 3
Wales 0, Italy 1

Group 4
Northern Ireland 4, Turkey 1

Group 5
Sweden 5, Norway 0
France 0, Norway 1

Group 6
Finland 1, Belgium 2
Yugoslavia 9, Finland 1
Belgium 6, Finland 1
Belgium 3, Yugoslavia 0
Yugoslavia 0, Spain 0

Group 7
Austria 7, Cyprus 1
Austria 0, West Germany 2
Scotland 2, Austria 1

Group 8
Netherlands 2, Luxembourg 0
Bulgaria 2, Netherlands 0

CENTRAL AMERICA

Sub-Group 4
Canada 4, Bermuda 0
Canada 4, USA 2
Bermuda 0, Canada 0
USA 1, Canada 0

AFRICA

Sub-Group 2
Morocco 1, Senegal 0

Sub-Group 4
Zambia 4, Sudan 2

The most advanced European group, in terms of matches completed, has also produced the most surprises. After Yugoslavia's performances in the European Championship finals, who would have expected them first to lose heavily against Belgium, then fail to beat Spain in Belgrade?

These results were all the more surprising after Yugoslavia had reduced Finland to

EUSEBIO of Portugal. (Green)

rubble in their previous international, winning 9-1 at Belgrade. At half-time the score had been only 2-0, but the Slavs hit three goals in one five-minute period around the hour, then another two in the last four minutes. Jevtic and Musemic both got hat-tricks, Dzagic two goals—and just 5,000 people were there to see it.

Poor Finland offered only target practice to Belgium a fortnight later, losing 6-1 in Brussels, three goals going to Polleunis; even the Finns' goals came from a penalty by Lindholm. Yet Finland had given Belgium a good game in Helsinki the previous June, losing only 2-1, and even the most optimistic Belgian critic thought his country's chances of qualifying at the expense of Yugoslavia or Spain extremely slim.

Polleunis played himself into Belgium's regular team as a result of his performance against Finland, after originally being chosen solely because of an injury to Devrindt. The Belgian team manager, Constant Van der Stock, decided to move him into midfield, leaving Devrindt and Van Himst upfield as decoys. The tactic worked splendidly, for Polleunis scored twice in the last 20 minutes, after Yugoslavia had threatened to equalise.

Yet the match was ruined as a spectacle by Yugoslavia's shabby gamesmanship with which all English spectators will be only too familiar. Their ability to exaggerate an injury and to disguise a foul infuriated the Belgium side, and the Czech referee, Krnavek, lost control. After Belgium had taken the lead through Devrindt a series of ugly incidents led to Heylens of the home side and Trivic and Dzajic of the visitors being sent off the field. UEFA's observer at the game, Pedro Escartin of Spain, described it as "the next worst thing to a war".

Not that the Belgians were entirely blameless. When Yugoslavia returned to Belgrade they had six players hurt so seriously that they needed treatment in hospital — Pantelic, Musemic, Vukevic, Mutibaric and Osim, who once again claimed to have been kicked before the game had scarcely started. When one added to this the automatic suspension of Dzajic and Trivic for the next tie, the illness of Paunovic and Mihajlovic, the unrelenting authorities who wanted Fazlagic, Damjanovic and Djordjevic for military service, the national team was effectively decimated. Under the circumstances, Mitic concluded that a draw against Spain would be the best Yugoslavia could hope for, even at home.

Yet Yugoslavia could still have won with a little steadier play in front of goal. In the 37th minute Zambata had only Iribar to beat but shot wildly over the bar, and Vardic missed equally badly scarcely 60 seconds later. Then Amancio had his name taken for a foul on Zambata which seemed inside, not outside, the line of the penalty area. The free-kick proved fruitless, like another in the 70th minute after Bukal had been tripped in almost the same spot. Iribar played superbly in the Spanish goal, shrugging off an injury received when he collided with a post in an attempt to save.

So Yugoslavia's chances of going to Mexico seem slim. The initiative now seems to lie with Spain, rather than with the erratic Belgium side. In recent internationals Spain have shown that the combination of Zalbaga to tackle ruthlessly, Marcial to hold the ball and Pirri to create chances is as good as any in Europe.

SLALOM RUN

Less than 24 hours after Bulgaria's alleged amateurs had disgraced themselves in the Olympic football final against Hungary, Bulgaria's senior team came through a stern test against the Netherlands in Sofia. The Dutch had the best of the game in terms of skill, but gave away a demoralising goal on the stroke of half-time. Popov ran half the length of the field with most of the Dutch defenders thinking of massage and lemons, until Israel brought him down inside the penalty area with a desperate tackle. The English referee, Anderson, had no hesitation in awarding a penalty, which Bonev dispatched calmly and methodically past Van Beveren.

Thereafter Holland switched to attack, Bauwnmeester having an outstanding game in midfield, but they took too long to reach their opponents' penalty area. Instead the lesson in taking chances came from Asparoukhov after 65 minutes, a slalom run past three defenders from midfield and a dynamic shot out of the goalkeeper's reach. It took a brilliant save by Van Beveren, touching over a ferocious free-kick from Bonev, to spare the Dutch from further embarrassment. Perhaps not a decisive result in terms of qualification, but with Asparoukhov in such brilliant form, and Jekov back from Mexico, Bulgaria can only get better.

World Diary by ROGER MACDONALD

On the same day Portugal shrugged off injuries to key players and beat Rumania without undue difficulty. The Rumanians seemed largely over-awed by the occasion and depended too much on Ghergheli and Pircalab, who were marked closely throughout. Portugal, playing without Torres (injured in training on the previous Thursday) and almost without Simoes (hurt after 15 minutes and replaced by Jacinto Joao, Setubal's discovery), scored three excellent goals. The first came when Eusebio beat two men and passed out to the other Jacinto, advancing from his full-back position down the wing; Colman was so alarmed to see Eusebio unmarked that he advanced prematurely and Jacinto promptly scored from 30 yards. Eusebio, of course, had a hand in the other goals: his pass to Joao resulted in a beautiful shot to the far corner, all along the ground; then he was brought down on the edge of the area and Joao again scored with an explosive shot. A highly satisfying day for Portugal, with Humberto belying his 18 years with a meticulous display at centre-half in his first international. But for Coluna, flagging badly in the second half, it could easily be his last.

Portugal must remain favourites to qualify in view of Switzerland's struggle to beat Greece a few weeks before. If the score was kept down to a single goal from Quentin by the stupendous acrobatics of Ikonomopoulos, Papaioannous almost equalised in the closing minutes. His shot beat Grob but bounced off Tacchella for a fruitless corner.

Czechoslovakia easily beat Denmark in Copenhagen, in spite of tiring badly towards the end. But the return leg, which the Czechs won by a single goal, was almost a triumph for the Danish team, which had expected to lose heavily. The goal was scored by Jokl in the 56th minute, but not before even the famous Adamec had been replaced by Szikora in a vain attempt to inject life into the attack. Czechoslovakia must be thankful that they do not meet their remaining opponents, Eire and Hungary, until next year. Even then the disappointing display by the Czech "hopefuls" in Mexico (beaten by, of all teams, Guatemala) suggests that Hungary will easily qualify.

HEARTENING

While one suspects that the matches between Northern Ireland and Turkey are largely irrelevant—for short of an incredible upset the USSR must go into the finals—the Irish victory was a heartening start to their programme. Turkey scored quickly through Ogun and were prepared to close up the match, like Fenerbahce against Manchester City. But a superb goal by Best lifted the Irish, who swept in three more goals in the second half. Turkey are a robust team, lacking in imagination—but one should remember, hard to beat at home.

Lamentations for Wales, overcome as much by the stress of the Football League programme as by Italy's skills. If they had been able to field a full team; if, in particular, Mike England had been fit to play, the result might have been surprisingly different. The Italian press said quite candidly that it was a success from which Italy could derive little satisfaction and that only Luigi Riva, who scored the winning goal, gave of his best. Italy will certainly have to play better to dispose of East Germany next year.

So, indeed, will France to eliminate Sweden, who have at last decided to use their mercenaries as a permanent policy. Two of them, the redoubtable Ove Kindvall of Feijenoord and Bo Larsson of VFB Stuttgart, scored all the goals in a 5-0 thrashing of Norway. At half-time Norway were losing only 1-0, but three goals in five minutes around the hour ended their resistance. Morisbak replaced Olsen in goal for the last 20 minutes, but the damage was already done. Sweden's critical games with France take place next autumn, when a French league professional, Roger Magnusson, may well be chosen for the Swedish side.

More mercenaries for Austria, whose team manager, Leopold Stasny, is relying on five players now with West German clubs to revive his flagging fortunes. They are Gustl Starek and Peter Pumm, playing for the German league leaders Bayern

● Continued on page 45

LUNATICS SPLASH DIRT OVER US

THIS ENGLAND

by Gordon Jeffery

AFTER many years of surveying the international scene, many thousands of words written about the monthly Post-Mortems, it is a pleasant change to make a positional switch with Roger Macdonald and to concentrate upon England. Here at home football is booming to an incredible extent — attendances continue to rise, publications proliferate and there is tangible evidence of success on the field. The national team stay the world champions and were unlucky to be no higher than third in the European Championship (and that still leaves 30 below them). Manchester United are the current European Champions Cup and Leeds United the Fairs Cup holders.

Unfortunately it is not roses, roses all the way and much as I would like to start off with a catalogue of all the good things, it is impossible to ignore the unsavoury — particularly when writing after a Saturday when the lunatic behaviour of many who call themselves football fans has splashed some dirt over all of us who care about the game.

John Arlott, whom one is glad to welcome back on the football beat, was discussing "soccer rowdyism" lately in *The Guardian* and noted that although "the chief offenders are birds of passage who outgrow their muffler-and-fisticuffs phase in a few years, their behaviour is driving away numbers of the old, solid, adult supporters".

That is something that should be worrying clubs who need the lasting support of the faithful more than that of "the young men, loosely called 'teenagers', who create trouble at, and in the train of, football matches". Similarly it seems to me that they ought to be worrying that the efforts being made towards, and the money being spent on, ground improvements to attract family-spectating should be completed in conditions today when few men would wish to take their family to a match.

That said, however, I think John Arlott is right in assessing that the gangs see football merely as an opportunity for hooliganism. He managed to *talk* with three of them—quite a feat in itself. All revealed a remarkable lack of knowledge of the team "they supported". Two of them never went to home matches in any case. Away matches were the attraction for them—and with money to burn they could afford the fares and no doubt to spend the money they had earned making junk on junk that others had made. A crazy economy that helps to produce a crazy element in society.

Derby County manager Brian Clough. (Prov. 1)

PITCHES

It also partly explains why there is a higher proportion of young males at Saturday football matches. There has been some extension of Sunday football in recent years—but not a lot because the extent of local Saturday and Sunday football has always been governed by the number of pitches available, and, in any case, the larger proportion of Sunday players are still, as they always were, Saturday players seeking a second, usually less serious, game. The only difference between yesterday and today is that then they had to play under an assumed name on Sunday, now Sunday play is legalised.

The teenagers who most love football play the game on Saturday afternoons as they have always done, providing they have the opportunity—which largely means whether the local authority have provided enough public pitches to satisfy their under-30 population. It may not be entirely coincidental that areas, rather than the success or otherwise of the clubs hooligans pretend to support, are predictable as the centres of trouble.

Consider this recent spate. Much the worst, indeed one of the worst of this or any season in England, concerned the mob from Birmingham who travelled to Derby and "went on the rampage"—I don't think the writer of that phrase in the *Observer* had thoughts of Derby as the Rams or that he had more knowledge of football than his colleague on the back page who managed to set up McCalliog's goal for Sheffield Wednesday at the Dell as "McCall (o.g.)".

Birmingham at this time were sixth from the bottom of the Second Division. Birmingham indeed for longer than even their truest fans care to remember have had neither the team nor the individual player success to generate much enthusiasm. It is impossible to accept that it was any twist of football fever that set groups from the 600 who had travelled from Brum to Derby "smashing windows and pushing shoppers off the pavement". It is doubtful whether football itself had anything much to do with the disturbances caused by the nearly "20 fans, supporting both sides, [who] were escorted from the ground just before the kick-off".

And although five people were arrested in Highbury after the Arsenal-West Ham match, the damage was done to the three Underground trains that had to be taken out of service by people travelling *to the match*. The 50-60 supporters at Stoke ejected in a match against Chelsea may have been stirred up by the play there but clearly it was reported that the six people ejected by the police at Ipswich were involved "after fighting broke out on the terraces *before* the start of the Suffolk's team game with Tottenham Hotspur".

RIOTERS

Overwhelmingly, and with no need for enquiries where solemn investigators get conned by stuff about wife-beating it is clear that, as John Arlott summed up in his article, "the football match rioters have left the street corners for the trains, stations and football grounds simply because they find that the normal standards of protection of public property and safety do not apply in those places".

That accepted, the remedy must be for the public authority —the forces of law and order, in other words — to apply those normal standards. The puny ones cannot be allowed to get away with slashing the seat in a train when they could not if it was a neighbour's settee; with

fighting and screaming obscenities on the terraces when they could not outside their local police station. And it would help if the genuine fans showed more clearly what side they were on —the police or the louts.

It was bad luck for Derby that they were inflicted by this particular invasion. Brian Clough's club certainly had no need of the visitors—their turnstiles are ringing merrily with locals who have good reason to feel that the club mean business. It is the sense that a club is trying that brings back missing supporters as much as success itself, although obviously the two often go together. The biggest error any club can make is not to be unsuccessful but to convey the impression that they do not *want* success.

DEFEAT

Someone calculated that at the end of his first season with Derby, Brian Clough had seen 16 players, four groundsmen and two of the office staff off the pay-roll—and, significantly, a tea-woman who had been seen laughing uproariously the day after the club had suffered a particularly bad defeat. Clough does indeed appear to have a sure understanding of the importance of everyone associated with a club *caring* about the club, but he may not have known just how important was to be the signing of Dave Mackay.

The former Tottenham star was wanted to do a defensive job for Derby—he does that completely, almost too easily that neutrals at any rate long for the occasional flash of the attacking Mackay. But his value to Derby County cannot only be measured by the successful way he is doing the job they brought him there to do. As much—maybe more than that—he has added stature to the club, underlined their ambition, increased their pride and their confidence in themselves.

There is no doubt about their objective—back into the First Division but it is typical of the unpredictableness that is so much a part of the magic of football, that at the moment Derby—outside of the town boundaries—are reckoned more by their League Cup than their League Second Division results. Brian Clough himself, in a BBC radio interview, murmured something about the League Cup matches being a break, a relaxation from the steady, unyielding Second Division programme. Chelsea and Everton, who fell to Derby in the League Cup, may have preferred the Derby players to have sought their relaxation elsewhere.

Yet the League Cup as a whole remains a competition that defies form. Anything could, and did, happen in its early years but once all clubs, except those with fixture lists likely to be extended by European competitive commitments, saw it as an obvious source of some, possibly considerable, extra revenue; once Wembley was the venue for the Final and a place in the Fairs Cup a probable prize for the winner, it was fair to assume that the big boys would take over.

After all, in the open FA Cup no Second Division club has won the Cup since West Bromwich in 1931, and only rarely has one reached the Final. Third Division clubs have never done so. Yet it was Third Division Queen's Park Rangers who won the first Wembley Football League Cup Final, and this year at the 1/16th final stage—in addition to Derby County, the Second Division clubs Crystal Palace and Blackpool knocked out First Division opponents, Leeds (the holders, of course) and Wolves respectively, whilst First Division Coventry had to bow down before Third Division Swindon. There must be an explanation.

MODEST

There is no need to look far for an explanation of Burnley's resurgence after both seeming to be slipping towards the relegation zone in the First Division and to be abandoning their own-grown policy in favour of buying and selling. There was a wholly remarkable stretch of near enough ten years from the time they paid a modest £1,000 to Glentoran for the then very young Alex Elder until they started buying again. But then after paying Rotherham around £25,000 for Frank Casper, they continued more recently by signing Jim Thomson from Chelsea and Doug Collins from Grimsby. Not that these imports upset Burnley's balance of payments as they exported for sizeable fees Gordon Harris to Sunderland, Willie Irvine to Preston and Willie Morgan to Manchester United.

A bad run of injuries forced Burnley's hands to a large extent and continuing injuries, and disappointing results, forced them to introduce youngsters like Leslie Thomas into the first team a shade earlier than they had planned. Results since have suggested that it is almost impos-

● *Continued on page 39*

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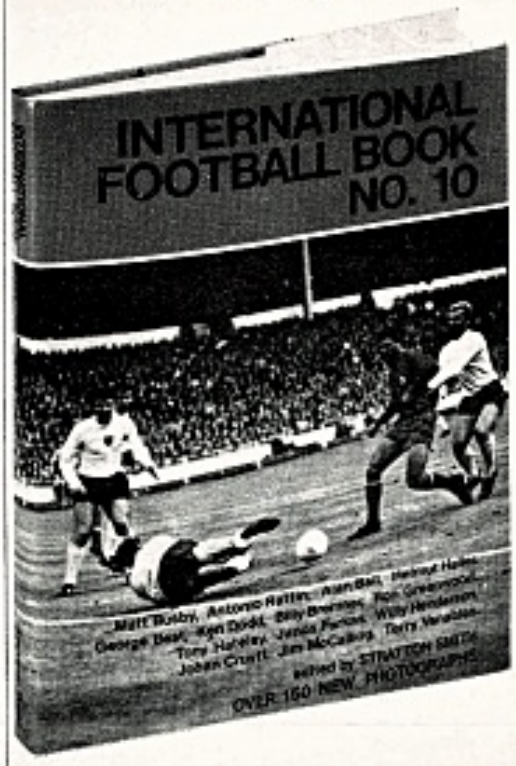

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IF Northern Ireland can maintain the form that took them to a comfortable 4-1 win over Turkey before 44,000 spectators at Windsor Park in October then her chances of a place in the finals of the World Cup in Mexico in 1970 must be rated reasonably high. Certainly, Turkey presented no great problem in this first leg match and the return leg (to be played this month) must be approached with mounting confidence—though not with over-confidence for the Turks, for all that they caved in under the Irish second-half pressure, are no mean footballing side.

The team that played in green in this match is considered our strongest (though it is still prone to silly mistakes in defence and over-elaboration in attack) and on it rest the hopes of a Mexico ticket.

Man for man the players are considered to be in the top-flight of cross-channel football but whether they can surmount the really big World Cup qualifying hurdle—the Soviet Union late next season—remains to be seen.

Having recently returned from Russia and having had talks with Soviet Football Federation officials and sports journalists, I can say now that we must be prepared for two of the most difficult games Northern Ireland has ever played. The Russians, who have not been hitting the world soccer headlines as often as they would have liked in recent months, are determined to regain some of their lost glory by winning through to Mexico and by doing well in the finals themselves.

Errol McNally, Glenavon goalkeeper who had a spell some seasons ago with Chelsea, is anxious to return to English football. Here he pushes a Sammy Pavis (Linfield) shot round the upright for a corner in a recent Irish League game at Windsor Park.

RUSSIAN DOSSIER

writes COLIN McALPIN

The Russians, I discovered, have been putting in a lot of homework on Northern Ireland and Turkey and they know, I'm convinced, more about us than we do about them. They even know the sort of performances being turned in at club level by the players likely to form Northern Ireland's World Cup pool. I'm sure Billy Bingham, national team manager, would learn a lot about his own players if he could get a look at those record books compiled by the Russians.

They told me they will be treating Northern Ireland as the more difficult team to beat. They have a lot of respect for us—"How does such a small country produce so many good footballers so often?"—and are looking forward to seeing such stars as Pat Jennings, George Best and Derek Dougan in action.

So Northern Ireland have a wonderful start to their journey to Mexico. It was, however, a victory fully expected and the real test has yet to come. The Russians will be a difficult hurdle but who can say that a fighting Irish display will not upset all their plans? With a bit of luck we stand as good a chance of getting into the finals as any other side—if, we don't forget about all that Russian planning!

The domestic decline of Ulster Cup winners Coleraine has been a major talking point—how, within a few short weeks, an outfit noted for its classic, all-action football, can slump so dramatically, has provided fans with a conversation piece to equal none.

Right from the start of the season, Coleraine raced to the top of the Ulster Cup table and never really looked like being overtaken. Under player-manager Bertie Peacock the Bannsiders lorded it over all the other clubs and were being freely tipped as the hottest favourites for years for the Irish League championship. Such an honour is Peacock's dream. But once the Irish League proper got under way the bottom dropped out of the dream and the club slid to a middle-of-the-table position after seven games and a string of shock defeats.

The departure of goal-grabber Ray Gaston to Oxford United went a long way towards upsetting the slick-moving machine but other factors have to be taken into consideration. There seems to be a hoodoo on Coleraine, for last season they finished the Irish League programme in the top four and ended the very next competition—the City Cup—in the bottom section. They are such an inconsistent side that Peacock's dream of a league title may have to wait for at least a couple of seasons.

OUTSTANDING

Another team many thought would be doing better this season is Glentoran, Irish League champions for the past two years and certainly the country's most outstanding team in that time. But this season has been a frustrating one for the once-great Glens, they have simply failed to click into gear and are now a struggling shadow of their former selves.

On top of their on-field worries came the news, late in October, that player-manager of two months, Alex Young, the former Everton and Scotland "Golden Vision", was finding it difficult to settle in Northern Ireland. After considering his request for a release the Oval board issued the following statement: "After careful consideration we reluctantly agree to Mr. Young's request to be transferred back to England. . . ."

Young's time spent at the Oval has not been a particularly successful one. The Glens broke no ice in the Ulster Cup and found themselves well down the league table after seven or so games. The record since he joined for a reported fee of £10,000 has been a poor one and the fans, so used to success lately, were writing him off as a flop.

But the fault was not really his. Glentoran scored all their successes with a great side—but today only a handful of that team remain. The others were sold off to English and Scottish clubs and the departure of the club's brilliant player-coach, John Colrain, to League of Ireland side St. Patrick's Athletic set the seal on the end of the club's run of success. Young was thrown into his first managership and found it was too much for him. It's a great pity, he might have brought a lot to the Irish League, to Glentoran eventually, to Irish football in general—but now he's gone and the Ovalites are back to square one.

Since my last notes two Irish League managers have left their clubs for coaching jobs in the English League. Tommy Casey has left Distillery for Everton and Jim Conway has left Portadown for Bolton Wanderers. Both, in a way, had careers which ran along the same lines but which ended on different notes.

Both took over ailing clubs, both worked hard to put life into their respective charges—but Casey succeeded to a great extent while Conway, alas, failed completely. Though in the latter's case it was not really his fault for he lacked the necessary support.

But let's begin with the success story of Casey, the "iron man" of many a stirring international encounter. Before he took over the jaded Distillery, Casey knew what was in store. It was a team without fight, without heart and without money and decent players. If ever a man had to start from the bottom it was Casey, the former Bangor, Leeds United, Bournemouth, Newcastle United, Plymouth, Bristol City, Swansea Town, Gloucester City and Welsh League player. The experience gained from 14 caps was really to be put to the test.

He set about giving back Distillery, one of the league's outstanding clubs in the early 'sixties, their self-respect and his work began to show good results towards the end of last season and into this season. There was a new-look Distillery, prepared to fight for every ball, prepared to give it all they knew. While

● *Continued on page 28*

Eire News . . . . . TOM MULDOWNEY . . . . . Eire News

Odds against 'Blues'

THE long battle for the League of Ireland championship and ticket to the European Cup got going a few weeks ago.

The programme involves 22 series of games. With the cup causing a hiatus in early spring. The Independent Cup, confined to the first four past the league post, gives the runners-up, all three, some reward. But for the also-rans, especially those out of the running by the half-way stage, only a good cup run will supply summer feed.

The odds are stacked against Waterford repeating last year's success. In the 47 years of the competition only Cork United, Rovers, Drumcondra, Cork Athletic and St. Patrick's have won the title in successive seasons. United did the only hat-trick on record. And not since Saints' success in 1955–56 has the flag flown from the same flagpole longer than one term.

Teenage

Limerick started the 'sixties with their first championship. To be followed by Drumcondra and Shelbourne, whose teenage team set the soccer scene ablaze. Came Dundalk after 30 years of failure and Rovers after four bare-pole seasons. Drums shortheaded Shamrocks in '65 as did Waterford, led by Paddy Coad, a year later. Dundalk took the title from Waterford, but last May the "Blues" grabbed it back.

Can Waterford keep it? Their Shield success assures them of entry into the Fairs Cup. So the pressure will be that much less. By home standards they are a good team. Sir Matt Busby thinks they are the best out of Eire for the past ten years. And he need not have said that unless he believed it. Which I think he does.

They are clean and sporting, to boot. Their conduct in heavy Old Trafford defeat drew a standing ovation from the Manchester crowd who may never have seen a team take a pasting without retaliating. On radio, Bobby Charlton had words of praise for their sportsmanship.

Most Kilcohan Park patrons hold the McIlvenny-Gauld team of the 'fifties as the best ever, even though they won nothing in the way of trophies. The current crop are a more mature lot. Better balanced in defence. A sector that caused heartaches in those far-off days of glory. The frontmen lack height and weight. Can be contained as Cork Hibernians proved in the opening tie.

Most needed of all is a centre-forward. John O'Neill has played many good games at nine. As has young Buck. But for all their efforts they do not fit the bill. As a fair profit was made out of the Manchester matches one wonders why the champions did not move into the transfer market. After all, Hibernians lured Carl Davenport to Flower Lodge.

One man who would add punch is Eric Barber, the former Shelbourne-Birmingham City international leader, current rave in the States with Kansas City Spurs. Barber was selected as the outstanding centre-forward in his section. If the American League folds up, as seems likely, Barber might be tempted to resume his career in the League of Ireland.

What of Shamrock Rovers? Their shock defeat by Randers in the European Cup Winners Cup almost brought the famed Milltown machine to a sudden stop. Third in the Shield with the knowledge that their cup conquest, now five in a row, cannot, like old man river, keep rolling along, they must go all out for the league if they hope to maintain interest in Europe.

That the Cunningham camp was alive to the problem was shown when they signed Dave Pugh, just home from America after a season with Boston, and Hugh Brophy. The little inside-forward left Rovers for spells with Crystal Palace and Halifax Town.

Heavy

The league is not Rovers' strong point. In 30 years they have won the title only four times. In seasons 1953–54, 1956–57, 1958–59 and 1963–64. Usually a good start is made. With a fade out in heavy going and a good run on hard New Year grounds. Tuohy's team is vastly experienced. If they avoid injury and form-loss they might pull through.

A lot depends on how well Dave Pugh performs. And if Mick Leech retains his goal touch. Leech, ever since he gained senior status, has been the greatest goal poacher in the league. Eire's Jimmy Greaves, in fact. He moved to centre-forward to accommodate Hugh Brophy for the opening game. I don't know, as I write, if this is permanent placing or not. I would not favour such a move. The former Ormeau boy has scored too many goals from the inside berth to be moved for anyone, even "Jimmy Greaves".

Dundalk are now out of Europe. I write this even before they met Rangers in their second leg, second round Cup Winners tie. For the Ibrox rout reduced the return to formality. Despite their heavy programme Dundalk did well in local competition. As I write, they meet Rovers in the Dublin City Cup final and were runners-up to Waterford in the Shield. Thus if Waterford win cup or league and Dundalk have a barren season, they will still be in the Fairs next year, thanks to those runners-up medals.

These, readers, are the big three of Eire. And if you ask me how they qualify for this exalted position I suggest a perusal of the following table of trophy winners covering the past five years:

	Dublin City Cup	Shield	League	Cup
1963/64	Rovers	Rovers	Rovers	Rovers
1964/65	Shelbourne	Rovers	Drums	Rovers
1965/66	Cork Hibs	Rovers	Waterford	Rovers
1966/67	Rovers	Dundalk	Dundalk	Rovers
1967/68	Dundalk	Rovers	Waterford	Rovers
1968/69	Rovers or Dundalk	Waterford	?	?

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Not even hope and prayer

ANDREW DETTRE in Australia

IN scorching heat, with bush-fires ringing Sydney, Hakoah won the 1968 Australia Cup beating, in the final, their sister club, Hakoah of Melbourne. The Sydney team's 1968 record is unparalleled: they won the pre-season Ampol Cup, the Sydney championship, the play-off series and now the national cup. Quite a remarkable effort by a truly polished, formidable team—and a wonderful start to his coaching career for former England winger, Doug Holden.

While the teams from the various States were battling out the final phases of the cup, news came from Mexico City of Japan's amazing third place in the Olympics. According to Sydney journalist Lou Gautier, who was in Mexico, Japan were a five goals better side than last March when they played three games in Australia.

Impressed

That, to say the least, is rather disheartening news as Japan and Australia, together with Rhodesia and South Korea, are in the same World Cup elimination group. Although even in March the Japanese impressed with their cultured and disciplined displays, one still had the feeling that a well-prepared Australia could hold them.

Since then, however, two vital things have happened. Firstly, the Japanese have intensified their preparations — and their results prove this. Secondly, the Australian national team has not even trained together since March. . . .

Japan's supreme confidence in a World Cup final berth is best expressed by the fact that, while in Mexico, they have made tentative bookings for hotels, training grounds, etc. National team coach Okano, a brilliant pupil of Dettmar Cramer, said in Mexico that Japan would prepare non-stop for the World Cup elimination matches next October.

As a major first step, they have persuaded the brilliant centre-forward Kamamoto not to turn professional with a West German club; the offer of an executive position in a Tokyo department store did the trick. Kamamoto, it seems, really arrived in Mexico. When I compared him favourably with Eusebio, Hurst, Seeler and others in a WORLD SOCCER article earlier this year, I was accused of committing some form of sacrilege. Now it was the turn of the Mexican press to re-discover this fine Japanese.

So Japan is dead serious about reaching the 1970 World Cup finals; as the elimination tournament will be held either in Tokyo or in South Korea's Seoul, their advantages only increase.

But what about Australia? The last few months have been characterised by deep internal strife, personal feuds between "leading officials", jockeying for a place in the delegation to the FIFA Congress at Guadalajara, threats, accusations and pending lawsuits for libel, slander and defamation. . . .

The terrible quality of soccer leadership in this country is clearly evident in the total lack of national co-ordination. Officials place State before country, club before State—and themselves before everything else. Few are interested how to assemble and prepare the national team for its World Cup quest—but the number of applicants for the position of team manager will be endless.

I know that arguments and differing views do occur in soccer not just here but everywhere else. I also know that Australia is not unique in having difficulties to implement an intelligent national team policy. But I'd like to hear of any other country where so many officials have such high ambitions despite so little work—with all ambitions being of personal nature.

National team coach Joe Vlasits is entirely powerless. He has, over the last few months, repeatedly asked the Federation to at least plan the 1969 programme. He would like to know how many times he can have his team together, for what periods, against which opponents; how and when will the Australian team travel to meet its commitments.

Prepared

But nobody knows and, sadly enough, very few care. The end result may be another soccer catastrophe for Australia, like the one in 1965 when an ill-prepared, ill-informed and naïve team was literally murdered by the North Koreans in Cambodia.

I am not saying that Australian soccer is close to being world class; not even suggesting that our place is in the World Cup finals. But I do claim that with thorough preparation we would stand some sort of a chance against Japan in October 1969.

Without that, I can predict nothing but calamity.

Sydney Hakoah's utility forward, Scottish-born Chris Spilarewicz (left) and APIA left-half Phil Bottalico in a recent championship tussle. (AD)

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DANISH SCENE

AGF RELEGATED

from ARNE JENSEN

THE final stages of the Danish Championship saw Esbjerg FB emerge as favourites for the title. With two matches still to be played, Esbjerg were top of the First Division with 27 points from 20 matches, followed by KB, B1913, and Frem, all with 25 points.

Esbjerg have played a dominating role in Danish football in recent years, winning the championship three times in a row from 1961 to 1963, and the cup in 1964. They have a team of all-round strength with few individual players.

One of these is the captain of the team, Egon Jensen, who has played 406 matches for Esbjerg, as well as a dozen times for Denmark. Jensen, who is 31 years old, has been with Esbjerg since 1955 and in a recent vital match against B1909 he was ordered off by the referee for the first time in his career for kicking an opponent.

Frem and Esbjerg met in Esbjerg, in what proved to be the decisive match of the season. Before the match both teams had 25 points from 19 matches, and Frem with the best goal-average were regarded as favourites. But before a season record crowd of 13,700 people, Esbjerg showed their real strength, when they outplayed Frem, and won by four goals to one after leading 4-0.

Esbjerg's top-scorer this season, Kjeld Holm, got two of the goals. Esbjerg were without two of their best players, John Petersen, a youngster who has played tremendously well in his first season with Esbjerg, and Egon Jensen, who had been suspended for a week.

In their last two matches Esbjerg met two of the bottom clubs, Horsens (away), and OB (home). Frem had a tougher programme. They met the up and coming Aalborg Boldspilklub in Copenhagen, and B1909 in Odense.

With the best goal-average in the First Division, KB also had a chance to win the championship. They beat Vejle 4-1 away from home, and finish against B1909 in Copenhagen, and travel to Aalborg for the last match.

In the bottom half of the table, the famous AGF made sure of a trip to the Second Division next season with only six points from 20 matches.

It has been a tragic season for AGF, who just a few years back were the cream of Danish soccer. They won the championship in 1955–56–57 and again in 1960, and they became famous throughout Europe with splendid displays in the European Cup. They reached the quarter-finals in 1960–61 after beating Legia Warsaw and Fredericksstad in the previous rounds.

But in the quarter-final ties Benfica, the eventual winners, proved to be too strong for the Aarhus team, winning 7-2 on aggregate. AGF have the best record in the Danish Cup tournament, which started in 1955. They won the first final against Aalborg Chang 4-0, and they were again successful in 1957, 1961 and 1965. In the Cup Winners Cup, AGF played Celtic in 1965–66. The teams drew 0-0 in Aarhus, but Celtic won the return leg by 2-0.

Celtic were so impressed by the performance of the Aarhus goalkeeper, Bent Martin, that they bought him shortly after. Martin never played in Celtic's first team because of the constancy of Ronnie Simpson, and later he was transferred to Dunfermline, where he is now established as the first team 'keeper.

Former AGF goalkeeper Bent Martin, now with Dunfermline in Scotland. (U)

The Danish teams have done well in this season's European competitions. In the Champions Cup Akademisk Boldklub surprised everybody with splendid performances against FC Zürich of Switzerland. In Zürich AB played one of their best matches of the season, and ran out winners 3-1. In the return match in Copenhagen, AB played defensively in order to maintain their lead, and they were beaten 2-1, enough to ensure them a place in the next round.

In the Cup Winners Cup, Randers Freja from the Second Division played the Eire Cup winners, Shamrock Rovers. Shamrock, who came to Randers as favourites, underestimated their opponents, and they were surprisingly beaten 1-0, the goal being scored just two minutes from the end by Per Gaardoe. Gaardoe does not play in Randers first team in league matches, but when there is a cup match on the programme he is called back to the first team because of his fighting abilities.

In Dublin Randers repeated the success. They were leading 1-0 at half-time, but John Fullam equalised in the second half and the match became quite exciting. But with a second goal 15 minutes from the end Randers broke the last hope for Shamrock.

Randers Freja have been drawn against Sliema Wanderers from Malta in the next round, and Freja feel that they have a good chance of qualifying for the quarter-finals.

B1909 from Odense were the only Danish team not to go through to the next round. In the Fairs Cup they played the strong West German team Hannover 96. In the first leg in Hannover, the Germans were leading 3-0 at half-time, and the crowd thought that the Odense team were in for a beating. But they played a brilliant second half, and reduced the Germans' lead to 3-2. In the second leg, the Hannover defence was too strong for B1909, and Hannover won the match 1-0.

West German Newsletter

THE national side took an important step towards Mexico, 1970, and sounded a loud warning to Scotland, when in their opening group match they defeated Austria by 2-0 in Vienna on October 13. The Germans thus retained two remarkable records, remaining still unbeaten in World Cup qualifying games and not having lost to Austria in 37 years (writes **ARTHUR ROTMIL**).

The traditional rivalry and the high stakes created fever pitch excitement in Vienna where the Prater-stadion was sold out weeks in advance. The Germans had to leave out their injured captain Wolfgang Overath and appeared as follows: Maier; Vogts, Schulz, Weber, Höttges; Beckenbauer, Netzer; Dörfel, Ulsass, Müller, Held. A crowd of over 71,000 were soon brought to their feet with some storming attacks from the hosts but the visiting defence, commanded by the experienced and indestructible Willi Schulz, held firm.

In the 16th minute Müller elegantly shook off a couple of defenders and shot past the 'keeper who dived a fraction too early as 10,000 German fans who made the trip exploded with joy. The Austrians, who included Starek, Pumm and Hasil, now with German clubs, continued to enjoy territorial domination but were ineffective up front. Soon after the interval their hopes evaporated when Netzer sent a beautiful through pass into the penalty area where Eigenmüller trying to clear, lobbed the ball over his own keeper. 2-0!

The Germans now took full charge and were never pushed to run out convincing winners. Their best men were Maier, Schulz and above all Netzer who at last displayed his club form, seldom shown before in national colours. The Austrians fought with great determination and both goals might have been avoided. That is why the Scots must beware and certainly they won't find it easy in this group.

By way of a rehearsal, 18 days earlier, the Germans drew 1-1 with France at Marseille. Here, they were clearly surprised by the quality of the opposition and in fact France led with a splendid 35-yard goal by Bosquier till two minutes from time when Overath equalised. In the dying moments Müller had the ball in the net but it was disallowed for an infringement.

The German defence performed creditably once more but the forwards failed to make much impact with Müller too often isolated while the others were busy helping out at the rear. Team: Maier; Vogts, Fichtel, Schulz, Lorenz; Beckenbauer, L. Müller (Netzer); Dörfel, G. Müller, Overath, Held.

BUNDESLIGA	P	F	A	P.
Bayern Munich	10	27	9	18
Bor. Mönchen-Gladbach	10	24	14	14
Eintracht Brunswick	10	20	14	13
Hamburger SV	10	18	18	11
Kaiserslautern	10	12	12	11
MSV Duisburg	10	10	10	11
Hannover	10	20	16	10
VfB Stuttgart	10	13	13	10
Cologne	10	10	13	10
1860 Munich	10	12	18	10
Eintracht Frankfurt	10	12	12	9
Hertha Berlin	10	10	16	9
Schalke	10	14	13	8
Alemannia Aachen	10	22	24	8
Nürnberg	10	13	17	8
Borussia Dortmund	10	17	22	7
Werder Bremen	10	14	19	7
Kickers Offenbach	10	10	18	6

IS RETALIATION ALWAYS A SIN?

NEVER retaliate has long been one of the great, unwritten laws of football. But is it, perhaps, now in need of rewriting? Recently the chairman of Tottenham Hotspur, Mr. Frederick Wale, had this to say: "It is obvious to every intelligent football follower that the question of retaliation resulting in players being ordered off or booked is in need of close examination. I feel it is not unreasonable to question the extent to which a player can be provoked before he retaliates."

I imagine that his words may have to some extent been inspired by the disgraceful incident in last season's Tottenham v. Manchester United Cup replay, at White Hart Lane. Then, it will be remembered after a somewhat violent tackle by Joe Kinnear, Brian Kidd *(pictured, Prov)*, the United inside-right, struck Kinnear in the face, knocking him down, and out, and in due course, somewhat mysteriously collapsed himself. The referee sent both of them off.

Or perhaps Mr. Wale was thinking of another incident which involved a Spurs player, Alan Mullery, though on this occasion he was playing for England, rather than his club. During the ill-tempered, often vicious, European Championship semi-final match in Florence last May, Alan Mullery, late in the game, kicked back at a Yugoslav who had fouled him—and was expelled by the referee. The Yugoslav, who had been rolling about the field in pantomimed agony, promptly got up and did a little war-dance.

Sir Alf Ramsey, rather unusually, calls this kind of thing "intimidation", though one knows what he means; the agonised rolling about on the field by ill-used and, we are supposed to believe, crippled players, is certainly used as an instrument of policy.

So, not least in the ruthless Italian Championship, is the gentle art of provocation. I remember Joe Baker, the Nottingham Forest centre-forward, telling me of what happened to him in his first game for Torino in 1961. The opposing centre-half tapped him on the shoulder then, when Baker whirled round, stuck his fingers in his eyes. Baker, naturally enraged, struck out at him, and was sent off. The centre-half, who had hoped for nothing better, stayed on.

Referees, who goodness knows have enough difficulties to contend with already, are to be forgiven if they find it hard to distinguish between the provoked and the unprovoked foul, especially when there are such villainously accomplished practitioners about. Something is to be gained by the presence of an "observer of the field", but even he can only hope to make his voice heard after the event, when the matter comes up for disciplinary judgement. Whatever the committee may then decide, even if it is to exonerate the player who was sent off, his club will still have had the disadvantage of playing without him, and may well have lost because of it.

After the Florentine game, Alan Ball remarked that a player as passionate as Nobby Stiles "would never have stayed on that field", such was the extent of the provocation. That it was not obvious even to the professional eye, on television, was evidenced by the remarks made by Ferenc Bene of Hungary to my colleague, Leslie Vernon, which suggested that England were wholly to blame (where for me, they took 50% of the blame).

INCIDENT

The answer is difficult to find. Perhaps referees should be more ready to consult their linesmen, who may have had another, better view of the incident. Perhaps disciplinary committees could do something, by ferocious punishment of the provoker, when it transpires, in evidence, that the player who is up for judgement was severely tried.

A satirical look at what is happening to football is provided by the book William Rushton, Roy Hudd and Richard Ingrams have cleverly put together, *How To Play Football*. The central idea is simple and brilliant—and it is Rushton's. Having come across, by chance, one of those hoary old cricket instructional *fin de siècle* books, he decided to produce a similar book about football. Similar, that is to say, in treatment and attitude, but wholly contemporary in the material with which it dealt. So we have sublimely Victorian instructions on how to throw a toilet roll—with gloriously apposite photographs posed by the gentlemen in question, and their publisher, the appropriately named Mr. Jack Hobbs. We are also shown how to foul, and how to extract the maximum advantage from being fouled, how to hurl a bottle, and so on. The essential nastiness of so much contemporary football is properly and elegantly pilloried.

Mr. Rushton told me—in a frank, no punches pulled exclusive interview, as they say in the popular prints. Let me rephrase that, please. Mr. Rushton *revealed* to me. That's better. Mr. Rushton revealed to me that he deplored the passing of the fat goalkeeper, having once been a fat goalkeeper himself. Indeed, he appears in many of these delightfully "sent-up" illustrations as a fat goalkeeper.

I agreed with him that something beautiful had gone out of the game with the passing of fat 'keepers, John Moynihan's admirable *Soccer Syndrome* has a fat Fulham goalkeeper surging towards him, as he stands on the terracing, and ending, with the ball, in the back of the net, like some vast, captive fish. Then, as *I* revealed to Mr. Rushton, there was "Fatty" Foulke, the largest of them all, Chelsea's first goalkeeper ever, a man who weighed more than 20 stone and was first heard of when he knocked out a tooth or two belonging to the legendary John Goodall, when playing in a friendly game (friendly?) for some Derbyshire side. He went on to become a star with Sheffield United and England.

The stories about him are infinite and very good. There was his propensity for picking up irritating forwards by the seat of their pants and dropping them in the net behind him. There was his attempt, after the Cup Final of 1901 at the Crystal Palace, to invade, stark naked, the referee's dressing-room, because he felt a goal had been unfairly awarded against United. There was the occasion when that scourge of goalkeepers, Harry Hampton of Aston Villa, somehow contrived to miss the gigantic bulk of Foulke, and end upside down in the netting like the victim of a Roman *retiarius*. To his anguished appeals, Foulke merely returned, over one colossal shoulder, "Tha got oop there, tha can get thysen down."

His death had a great pathos about it. On retirement, he could find no better occupation than saving penalties for money on the holiday sands. He caught a chill and, in the event, died. Poor Foulke. They don't make fat goalkeepers like that any more. Alas.

Soccer Reflections

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

ARGENTINA SOCCER SCENE

Financial troubles continue

from ERIC WEIL

THE four provincial teams, which qualify through regional competitions for the National Championship, are giving improved performances this year, which was only to be expected. Last season, which saw the start of the National Championship at short notice, hastily arranged provincial competitions did not throw up the strongest representatives, but this year, with more time, it was different. Gate receipts taken in the provinces, although most of the grounds are small, are also among the best, which annuls the major fears Buenos Aires club officials always had about bringing more clubs from the provinces into the championship. Argentina's attempts at a national championship are yet in their infancy stage and it is worth remembering that the Argentine FA, which runs the league championship, also has 222 leagues from all over the country affiliated to it. These leagues, indirectly, now have four representatives in the 16-team National Championship.

San Lorenzo, undefeated winners of the Metropolitan Championship, the former First Division, which ended in August, made a poor start in the National Championship, losing their two opening games against Boca Juniors (0-1) and Rosario Central (0-2). Later they improved, but are fighting to finish in the top two (in this tournament in which clubs meet each other only once) to enter the South American Cup. This may seem unjust after putting up such a fine performance in the Metropolitan. Apparently the FA thinks so, too, and next season it will be the Metropolitan and National champions who enter the South American Libertadores Cup.

One reason for San Lorenzo's temporary loss of form, apart from injuries, is money. The latest—goalkeeper Carlos Buttice relinquished the captaincy as a protest against not being paid what he wants. Although his annual basic salary was increased to three million pesos (£3,600) he wants more. World Cup half, Rafael Albrecht, who gets £4,800, was handed the captaincy and he wants an increase to £6,000. These things are usually fixed up at the start of the season, but they never were. Even Brazilian coach "Tim", earning less than many of his colleagues—about £660 per month—failed to turn up for a training session recently because he was owed over a month's wages. If anything kills talented San Lorenzo's aspirations, it will be these eternal money matters.

ESTUDIANTES-UNITED PRESS CONTROVERSY

Meanwhile River Plate, while topping the National Championship, were hit by a court fine of two hundred million pesos (£240,000) and two of the club's employees £120,000 each (for which the club is also ultimately responsible) for negligence resulting in the tragedy on June 23 at their stadium when 71 spectators were killed. This is the result of a court case brought by the families of the killed and injured and could throw the club into deeper financial trouble (mentioned in this column in October's WORLD SOCCER).

While the municipality of Buenos Aires stopped an evening league game at the Boca Juniors stadium because of lighting deficiencies only two days after the Estudiantes-Manchester United game there, the biggest controversy to come out of the game played on September 25 was the bad press the Argentines received in England for which there seemed to be no real justification. Most of the articles were reproduced in full in Buenos Aires newspapers and two weeks later, well-known foreign officials, who had seen the game, were still being asked whether they agreed. Sir Stanley Rous was caught in Mexico and asked by an Argentine reporter for the reason for this anti-Argentine campaign. Rous thought it may have been revenge for Argentine press reports after the World Cup in England which complained about bad organisation, partial refereeing, etc. Has Rous got a point?

NATIONAL TEAM NEWS

The Argentine national team continues its preparation for next year's World Cup preliminary games against Peru and Bolivia with almost weekly games against provincial selections. There were only three new developments: Racing's veteran forward, Humberto Maschio, was named assistant-coach to José Minella. (Maschio is expected to give up playing at the end of the season.) San Lorenzo's Rafael Albrecht, one of the hardest fighters in a national shirt and almost the last survivor of the World Cup team, was kicked out of the national team as a result of an argument he had with P.T. coach, Mogilevsky, during the recent South American tour. This smells of revenge as Albrecht only got annoyed with Mogilevsky's way of addressing him. Racing's defender, Roberto Perfumo, said recently: "Coach Minella could manage a team which is already formed very well. He is a good man to get on with, doesn't cause disagreements and gets the players to like him, but he is no good for building a national team from scratch, which is what is required at the moment. Training sessions with him consisted of kick-abouts and simple instructions, but no working out of special moves and tactics, even when the players asked him to do this. Players were also changed at the wrong moment during games on the recent tour." Perfumo hasn't been kicked out yet.

TOP: This was Manchester United's goal against Estudiantes at Buenos Aires which was annulled for off-side. BOTTOM: Nicolau (right) scores Boca Juniors goal in their 1-0 win over San Lorenzo in the National Championship. This was San Lorenzo's first league defeat of the season in their twenty-fifth game. (EW)

The month's games

July 18:	Peru 0 Brazil 4	Lima
„ 18:	Iceland 0 Norway 4	Reykjavik
„ 26:	Brazil 4 Paraguay 0	(Osvaldo Cruz Cup)
„ 28:	Paraguay 1 Brazil 0	„
Aug. 2:	Sweden 2 USSR 2	Gothenburg
„ 18:	Norway 4 Finland 1	Oslo
Sept. 4:	Luxembourg 2 Netherlands 0 (W.C. Qual. match—Luxembourg the home side but venue was Rotterdam)	Rotterdam
„ 10:	Israel 2 N. Ireland 3	Jaffa
„ 15:	Norway 1 Sweden 1	Oslo
„ 22:	Switzerland 1 Austria 0	Berne
„ 25:	Denmark 0 Czechoslovakia 3	Copenhagen (W.C. Qual.)
„ 25:	Yugoslavia 9 Finland 1	Belgrade (W.C. Qual.)
„ 25:	France 1 W. Germany 1	Marseilles

CZECH CRISIS HALTS GAMES

This had seemed likely to be a busier than usual opening period of the international season. Usually the field during the months of the European summer belongs almost entirely to the Scandinavian countries but this year World Cup qualifying competition fixtures and matches arranged as preparation for the competition figured in the calendar.

Then came the Czech crisis; the steady rumbling of Soviet tanks into Prague—and the postponement, probably the cancellation, of fixtures involving the national teams of the Warsaw Pact and other countries. Saddest of the latest casualties of this identification of sporting organisations with the governments of their country (it is a different situation when sporting organisations themselves subscribe to governmental policies that are contrary to international sporting ethics) was the friendly arranged to have been played on September 8 between Hungary and Austria in Budapest.

The meetings between Hungary and Austria rank second only to the annual England-Scotland fixtures in their importance in the history of world football. They began in October 1902 and, until 1938 and the occupation of Austria by Nazi Germany, never a year went by without a match between Hungary and Austria—usually at least two matches and often more, as in the 1914-18 period of war-time international matches.

After the defeat of Nazi Germany and a return to normal conditions in Europe, it was fitting that, although Hungary was under Soviet and Austria under American surveillance, the two countries recommenced international football with a couple of matches against each other in Budapest.

That was in the heady days of August 1945 with the war in Europe over but the Anglo-American-Soviet alliance intact with the war against Japan still to be concluded. The alliance soon broke up with Europe divided as between East and West, Warsaw Pact and NATO—and those who were neither. The old Nations Cup, International Cup, Europe Cup (it went under various names until stabilised as the Dr. Gero Cup in its declining years) that had started in 1927 between the national teams of Central European countries (a national equivalent of the better known Mitropa Cup for club sides), was revived in 1948 but it was indicative of the changed political climate that the first post-second world war tournament took six years to complete compared with the two years of pre-war tournaments.

This tournament apart, however, the excursions of even so traditional a footballing country as Hungary into non-Soviet countries in the first few years after the second world war were few and far between — except where the matches with Austria were concerned. These continued until the Hungarian uprising of 1956 when they are missing from the Austro-Hungarian records for 1957, 1958 and 1959. When in November 1960 Austria again brought their team to play in Budapest it was a happy sign that a thaw was coming to the cold war. Now, sadly and I think too hastily, the sequence of matches has again been broken. All Europe can feel happier when they start again . . .

Roger Magnusson, playing for his native Sweden. (Met)

Six years after Hungary and Austria had made their first appearances in full international football, the Norwegians and the Swedes got off the mark when the former came to Gothenburg. Three years later Finland came on the scene when they entertained Sweden in Helsinki and one year later, in 1912 at the Olympic Games staged in Stockholm, Denmark played their first full international match — appropriately enough against a Scandinavian country, Norway. Finland, under the domination of Tsarist Russia, were not much in the picture until after the end of the first world war, but there was a fairly regular exchange of fixtures between these four countries that settled from 1924 in the Scandinavian Championship that has managed to continue since on an enviable even keel amidst the troubled waters that have constantly disturbed conditions elsewhere throughout the world.

Denmark won the first cham-

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

PART ONE

pionship, Norway the second, but since then Sweden have tended to monopolise the whole affair and, from 1948 when they won the Olympics Football Tournament in England, the professional clubs of Europe have looked upon Sweden, and to a lesser extent the other Scandinavian countries, as a rich hunting ground for talented players. Kurt Hamrin, the Milan winger at the moment recovering from cartilage trouble; young Roger Magnusson (the "new" Hamrin), on loan to Marseilles this season from Juventus (not occupied in the European Champions Cup as they were last season when they kept possession of Magnusson simply for his European appearances); Kurt Axelsson who played so well for Bruges against West Bromwich in the Cup Winners Cup—these are but three current names that come quickly to mind. Scottish fans, of course, will have seen many other Scandinavian players in action with their Scottish clubs over the past three or four seasons.

Despite the steady exodus of their players, Sweden usually manages to field a national side capable of putting up a fair show even against top class opponents (as against England at Wembley and in their home draw against the Soviet Union last August), and of keeping in front of Norway, Denmark and Finland in the Scandinavian championship. Their one-goal draw against Norway in Oslo was the first point they had dropped in the 1968 round of matches — the beginning of the tenth Scandinavian championship that will be completed when each country has played the other three four times—twice at home and twice away.

The 1969 position reads:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Sweden ...	3	2	1	0	6	2	5
Denmark .	3	2	0	1	9	4	4
Norway ...	3	1	1	1	6	7	3
Finland ...	3	0	0	3	2	10	0

Norway, who had Tor Spydebold, son of Bjorn Spydebold who made 37 appearances for Norway in the period immediately after the second world war, making his first appearance at right-half, had hoped for more than a draw but this was a definite improvement on the June matches at home to Poland and away to Denmark when the Norwegians were beaten 1-6 and 1-5 respectively. However, between then and the mid-September match against Sweden, they had beaten Finland 4-1 and Iceland 4-0. Leif Eriksson opened the scoring for Sweden after 17 minutes and inside-right Ola Dybwad Olsen equalised from the penalty spot in the 31st minute.

Teams:

Norway: Svein Bjorn Olsen; Jan Rodvang, Nils A. Eggen; Tor Spydebold, Arild Mathisen, Trygve Borno; Olav Nilsen, Ola Dybwad Olsen, Harald Berg, Odd Iversen, Harald Sunde.

Sweden: Ronney Hellstrom; Jan Karlsson, Roland Grip; Kristen Kristenson, Willy Gummesson, Bjorn Nordqvist; Jan Olsson, Sven Lindman, Sten Palsson, Leif Eriksson, Rolf "Kocken" Andersson.

(Kjetil Hasund came on as substitute for Harald Berg in Norway's team and Tommy Svensson for Gummesson in Sweden's.)

If Norway were a little disappointed with this result, their disappointment was still slight compared with that of their previous opponents, Iceland. Early in July the full Icelandic side had shown useful form when only losing 3-1 (after leading at the interval) to a strong West German amateur XI; and between that match and the one against Norway, the Icelandic Youth Team had raised local hopes by reaching the final of the Scandinavian Youth Tournament by beating Finland and Norway to head their group. Sweden, winners over Denmark and Poland (who take part in this tournament), were the other finalists and the ultimate winners —but only in a penalty-taking competition after the two sides had stayed 2-2 in extra time.

Add the fact that Icelandic enthusiasts had noted the Norwegian defeats against Poland and Denmark and their hopes for an overdue victory over Norway could be accepted as reasonable ones. Eight thousand turned up to cheer a home victory but, to quote a friend in Iceland, "instead of going home cheerful and happy the Icelandic soccer fans went home broken-hearted by a 4-0 defeat".

They also, incidentally, complained that Norway played very rough. Certainly the Icelandic captain, Tottie Beck (once of St. Mirren and Glasgow Rangers and now, after a spell in the United States, reinstated as an amateur in his native Iceland) was carried off the field on a stretcher and taken to hospital with a deep cut on the right leg.

(Icelandic fans were, of course, soon to have their moment of real glory when, in the European Champions Cup, a record crowd of 18,243 watched Valur hold Benfica to a goalless draw).

Probably the happiest match of all those listed in this tidying-up post-mortem, was the one in which the Czechs, after all football—and much of the normality of their life—had been held in abeyance during the critical weeks of negotiations between their leaders and those of the Soviet Union, resumed not only their international programme but their plans for qualification for the final stages of the 1970 World Cup. It was fitting that, for this match, they had to travel to Copenhagen to play against the Danes who had shown themselves amongst those most willing to be counted as their friends.

This must have been a rare occasion when the crowd — a comfortable 31,500 — were as pleased with a win for their visitors as they would have been with a home triumph. The Danes introduced three newcomers for the match—two from Frem: Flemming Mortensen and Leif Printzlau, and one from B1913, Bent Jensen. Their full XI in 4-3-3 formation was: Knud Engedal (B1913); Jan Larsen (AB), Henning Munk Jensen (AaB), Borge Enemark (Esbjerg), Niels Yde (AB); Carsten Lund (Vejle), Finn Wiberg (AB), Ulrik le Fevre (Vejle); Flemming Mortensen, Bent Jensen, Leif Printzlau.

The Czechs, in a 4-2-4 formation, selected Victor in goal; Dobias, Horvath, Hagara and Plass in defence; Szikora and B. Vesely in mid-field; and Jokl, Kuna, Adamec and Capkovic. Their time for preparation was curtailed by the general situation but they delighted Copenhagen with their display and goals by Jokl, Kuna and Hagara without reply sent them off to a good start in Group II.

On the same day in Belgrade, another Scandinavian country were engaged in a World Cup qualifying match — Finland in Group VI. At half-time with the score 2-0 in favour of the home country, the Fins must have felt they were keeping in touch, but the Yugoslavs remorselessly pulled further and further in front in the second-half to a final 9-1 victory. Zambata and Musemic scored three goals each, the brilliant Dzajic two and Osim one.

Sven Lindman, played for Sweden against Norway. (UPI)

THE Italian cup competition has always been very much a poor relation of the league championship. Played off in mid-week, many of the games in front of small crowds, it has never had the traditional glamour or appeal of its English counterpart. Very often a team would not even field its strongest eleven, choosing to save the best players for the more important league encounters. In short, therefore, except in the later rounds when old rivals might be drawn together, the interest of the clubs, players and spectators alike was minimal. With the greater rewards now at stake, however, and especially following AC Milan's success in last year's Cup Winners Cup—to add to Fiorentina's win in 1961—the cup competition in Italy as gradually establishing a more important niche in that country's football scene.

The Coppa Italia was first competed for in 1922 when entries were invited from teams in any category provided they had available an enclosed pitch and were willing to refund opponents' travelling expenses. A total of 35 teams took part and the winners were the now defunct AC Vado. This was the first and, unfortunately for a long while, the last competition for it had not been a great success.

The competition began again in 1935 and continued every year until the end of the 1942/43 season when it was again suspended with the outstanding Torino team of that era holding the trophy. Surprisingly the competition did not restart until 1958, when Lazio won it from an entry of 32 teams, and it has been competed for every year since. The complete list of winners is as follows:

1922	AC Vado	1958/59	FC Juventus
1935/36	AC Torino	1959/60	FC Juventus
1936/37	AC Genova 1893	1960/61	AC Fiorentina
1937/38	AC Juventus	1961/62	AC Napoli
1938/39	AS Ambrosiana Inter	1962/63	Atalanta BC
1939/40	Ass. Fiorentina del Calcio	1963/64	AS Roma
1940/41	AC Venezia	1964/65	FC Juventus
1941/42	AC Juventus	1965/66	AC Fiorentina
1942/43	AC Torino	1966/67	AC Milan
1958	SS Lazio	1967/68	AC Torino

CORSO. (O2)

Italian Cup Analysis by JIM HAWTHORNE

Poor relation of the championship

During the last few years many different formulæ have been tried, not all of them entirely successful, in an attempt to create more interest in the cup. One of the main drawbacks remains that the Italian Cup is restricted, and has been for many years, to teams coming under the control of the Lega Nazionale Professionisti, the body that governs the full-time professionals in Italy, i.e. teams in Serie A and B (first and second divisions) only. Many people have advocated a completely open Coppa Italia. This, they correctly argue, is the whole appeal of any cup competition and what makes our own FA Cup so fascinating. Just imagine the excitement that would be created if a team in Girone I of Serie D were to be drawn at home against Milan, Inter or Juventus! Another factor which helped to dampen interest among the smaller clubs was the awarding of byes through to the quarter-finals to the current holders of the cup and the top three teams in the previous season's league championship!

Clearly there was room for considerable improvement but although, for reasons of organisation, I think it will be a long time before we see an Italian cup based on English lines, the 1968/69 Coppa Italia has shown quite a few improvements and has much to commend it. Naturally only Serie A and B teams are participating but this year there are no byes and the opening rounds were played off on three consecutive Sundays before the start of the league championship, thereby highlighting the matches.

The 36 teams were put into nine groups of four, each group being arranged with special regard to geographical location. Where possible each group was comprised of two Serie A teams and two from Serie B. The teams in each group played each other once, making three games in all, and the luck of the draw decided whether a team played one game at home and two away or vice versa. On completion of these three rounds, the nine group winners—goal difference deciding if two or more teams finished level at the top of any group—were reduced to the eight quarter-finalists by eliminating the group winner with the smallest goal difference. There was a provision in the rules that if two or more group winners had the same lowest goal difference, play-off matches would take place but as you will see from the following summary of the groups, this rule did not have to be applied.

Group 1

AC Milan 2 Ternana 0; Monza 0 Lanerossi Vicenza 3; Monza 0 Milan 3; Ternana 2 L. Vicenza 3; Ternana 0 Monza 1; L. Vicenza 0 Milan 0.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AC Milan	3	2	1	0	5	0	5
Lanerossi Vicenza	3	2	1	0	6	2	5
Monza	3	1	0	2	1	6	2
Ternana	3	0	0	3	2	6	0

Milan won comfortably against Serie B neighbours Monza and newly promoted Ternana before obtaining the draw necessary at Vicenza to see them through.

Group 2

Napoli 5 Catania 2; Catanzaro 2 Palermo 1; Catanzaro 0 Napoli 1; Catania 1 Palermo 1; Catania 0 Catanzaro 0; Napoli 0 Palermo 1.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Napoli	3	2	0	1	6	3	4
Catanzaro	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
Palermo	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Catania	3	0	2	1	3	6	2

Despite a shock home defeat by last season's Serie B champions Palermo, Napoli qualified with a point to spare. They won their first match convincingly against Catania with two goals apiece from Altafini and new signing Harald Nielsen and gained a good victory on the difficult Catanzaro pitch. The big Sicilian derby between Catania and Palermo ended all square, both teams having converted penalties, and passed off without incident.

Group 3

Cesena 0 Juventus 0; Sampdoria 2 Genoa 1; Genoa 1 Cesena 0; Juventus 5 Sampdoria 0; Cesena 1 Sampdoria 0; Genoa 1 Juventus 3.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Juventus	3	2	1	0	8	1	5
Cesena	3	1	1	1	1	1	3
Genoa	3	1	0	2	3	5	2
Sampdoria	3	1	0	2	2	7	2

Juve received a fright in their first match when Serie B newcomers Cesena held their expensive attack. They moved into top gear, however, for their next two games and won handsomely against Sampdoria—three goals from the lesser known Benetti—and Genoa. Increased prices plus poor pre-championship performances kept the crowd for the Samp–Genoa derby down to a disappointingly low 23,000.

Group 4

Bari 0 Pisa 0; Fiorentina 0 Foggia 0; Bari 3 Fiorentina 5; Foggia 3 Pisa 0; Foggia 3 Bari 1; Pisa 0 Fiorentina 2.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Foggia	3	2	1	0	6	1	5
Fiorentina	3	2	1	0	7	3	5
Bari	3	0	1	2	4	8	1
Pisa	3	0	1	2	0	5	1

One of the big upsets here with the much fancied Fiorentina having to give way to Serie B team Foggia on goal difference. The vital game took place on the first Sunday when Foggia travelled to Firenze and managed to take home a point. Fiorentina's game at Bari was an interesting one that eventually cost them a place in the quarter-finals. The "viola" were 5-0 up at one stage but allowed Bari to score to score three times in the last quarter of an hour!

Group 5

Lecco 1 Inter 1; Atalanta 2 Como 1; Lecco 0 Atalanta 0; Como 1 Inter 1; Como 2 Lecco 0; Inter 1 Atalanta 1.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atalanta	3	1	2	0	3	2	4
Como	3	1	1	1	4	3	3
Internazionale	3	0	3	0	3	3	3
Lecco	3	0	2	1	1	3	2

Yet another big surprise with the elimination of the famous Internazionale who failed to register a single win. The "nerazzurri" struggled right from the start, having to take on Lecco without Bertini, Gori, Suarez, Corso and Bedin! They were then very lucky to escape defeat at Como where Facchetti's 76th-minute goal ensured a draw but Sironi for Como missed a penalty only three minutes from the end! Ironically Atalanta's superb effort at San Siro was merely academic as their goal difference of only one proved to be the smallest and they also were eliminated.

Group 6

Spal 0 Bologna 0; Roma 1 Lazio 0; Spal 0 Roma 0; Lazio 1 Bologna 1; Lazio 1 Spal 1; Bologna 0 Roma 3.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Roma	3	2	1	0	4	0	5
Spal	3	0	3	0	1	1	3
Lazio	3	0	2	1	2	3	2
Bologna	3	0	2	1	1	4	2

Bologna's performances in this group were very disappointing. With their highly promising new signings Mujesan and Savoldi in the attack, they should have scored more than one goal in three games. Roma, now under Helenio Herrera, were as tight as ever at the back but the win at Bologna was not as good as it seems on paper. Peiro scored two penalties for the "giallorossi", Perani of Bologna went off injured after they had already used their substitute, Cresci was sent off in the 55th minute to leave the Bolognese with nine men and to top it all Turra missed a penalty for them in the 80th minute when the score was 2-0. The big Roman derby between Roma and Lazio illustrated once again what remarkable pulling power this game has for the people of Rome. Despite the fact that Lazio are now in Serie B, this match drew a full house of 76,000 for gate receipts of 107,000,000 lire — over £70,000!

Group 7

Reggiana 0 Torino 3; Verona 4 Modena 1; Reggiana 0 Verona 2; Modena 2 Torino 4; Modena 0 Reggiana 1; Torino 2 Verona 1.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Torino	3	3	0	0	9	3	6
Verona	3	2	0	1	7	3	4
Reggiana	3	1	0	2	1	5	2
Modena	3	0	0	3	3	9	0

As expected, Torino won this group quite comfortably although they did have to pull back from being 2-0 down at Modena. Full praise, however, to Serie A newcomers Verona for some fine displays.

Group 8

Mantova 2 Brescia 4; Varese 0 Padova 0; Mantova 2 Varese 0; Brescia 2 Padova 1; Padova 1 Mantova 0; Brescia 1 Varese 2.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brescia	3	2	0	1	7	5	4
Padova	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
Varese	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Mantova	3	1	0	2	4	5	2

Brescia surprisingly and meritoriously won this group. They did extremely well to score four times at Mantova—a feat in itself!—thanks largely to two goals from their old idol De Paoli. Varese were not the side they were at the beginning of last season. Their fine win at Brescia, however, marked the return of skipper Armando Picchi, playing his first competitive game since being badly injured in Italy's European Championship quarter-final tie against Bulgaria in Sofia last April. His display proved how valuable he is to the Varese team.

Group 9

Reggina 1 Perugia 0; Livorno 0 Cagliari 2; Reggina 1 Livorno 0; Perugia 0 Cagliari 1; Cagliari 1 Reggina 1; Perugia 1 Livorno 1.

Final Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cagliari	3	2	1	0	4	1	5
Reggina	3	2	1	0	3	1	5
Perugia	3	0	1	2	1	3	1
Livorno	3	0	1	2	1	4	1

Serie B Reggina pushed Cagliari very close here. It took a 72nd-minute equaliser from Riva in the vital last match to see the Sardinian team through. Cagliari also left it late in one of their earlier matches, scoring twice in the last five minutes at Livorno. In the excellent Luigi Riva, however, who scored in all three games, they have a match winner as good as anyone in Europe.

As usual in any cup competition there have already been the surprises. Fancied teams like Bologna, Inter and Fiorentina are out and Atalanta must count themselves extremely unlucky to have been eliminated in such a farcical way. The following eight teams, therefore, will contest the quarter-finals to be played on a knock-out basis later on in the season: (Serie A unless otherwise marked) AC Milan, Napoli, Juventus, Foggia (Serie B), Roma, Torino, Brescia (Serie B) and Cagliari.

The leading goalscorers in the competition so far are Riva (Cagliari), Turchetto (Brescia), Saltutti (Foggia), Benetti (Juventus), Facchin and Mondonico (Torino) and Vitali (Lanerossi Vicenza), all with three goals each.

TARISIO BURGNICH (Milan).

VALENCIA FIND LOOPHOLE

Feature by KEIR RADNEDGE

SPANISH soccer has a ban on foreign players entering the country to sign on for a league club. But there is a small loophole in this regulation, and any player who can claim Spanish parentage, even if he was born abroad, can qualify for the Spanish League.

It was thanks to this loophole that Valencia, desperate to strengthen the club's defence, signed two typical "marginal" cases during the summer. Both players came from South American clubs, and both are stoppers.

The signings were controversial. At the end of last season most people had been agreed that what Valencia needed was a pair of reliable wingers to boost an attack relying almost solely on the inspiration of Ansola and Claramunt.

So, just what was so particular about these two young men that trainer Edmundo Suarez (generally referred to as Mundo) thought his club's money better spent on the defence?

Stopper number one is Jesus Martinez Rivadenaira. His parents are both Spanish, and in fact he was born on December 7, 1947, in Lugo, Spain. But when he wasn't even a toddler the Martinez family crossed to Argentina and settled in Mar del Plata.

On arrival at Valencia's Mestalla Stadium, Martinez laughingly admitted that at the age of 15 his ambition had been to return to Spain and play for Real Madrid.

But at that time he was only just beginning to graduate in the youth teams of Mar del Plata. Four years later the World Club Champions, Racing Club of Buenos Aires, decided that Martinez was worth a place in their first team squad.

Recommended

Martinez never managed to become a first team regular, but he was good enough to be brought on Racing's tour of Europe in August, and it was then that Valencia stepped in to sign him. Martinez had been originally recommended by Sanchez Lage, until a couple of years ago a Valencia player. But even so at one time it appeared that Espanol Barcelona would win the race to sign the young defender of so much promise and so little achievement.

"I had never thought about signing for Valencia before," said Martinez. "But I am glad I have done so. It is a great club." Jacinto Quincoces, pre-war star, still held by many to have been Spain's greatest-ever defender commented: "I think to sign him was a good bit of business. He is only 20, but by the way he plays you would think he was 30, he seems to possess so much experience."

Nevertheless Martinez faced a baptism of fire. Valencia, like all Spanish clubs, play football on the man-to-man marking basis. According to Martinez, football in Argentina is entirely played by the at present somewhat unfashionable zone defence system. Therefore it took him time to adapt to a new style of play, though it was as sweeper that he made his debut.

Spectacle

"Spanish football hasn't surprised me," he said, after his first few matches. "The players have plenty of ball control, and speed as well. In fact, I think that Spanish football offers a better spectacle than any South American soccer.

"I've been satisfied with my play. But it can be better, you know. I still need to get fully adjusted to the rhythm of the team. I'm not worried that the fans are so critical, though—this pleases me. It's like a challenge, for me to prove myself to them."

Martinez is a player who prefers to use a short pass out of defence rather than the big boot. He is also not apparently so keen on "getting stuck in", which is rare for a defender nowadays. At times he looked shaky indeed, but he has held his place in the Valencia team.

Stopper number two is a man named Anibal Perez. Martinez had at least been born in Spain, but Anibal plays for Valencia on the most tenuous of connections.

Anibal was born on June 19, 1945, in Yto, a province of Paraguay. His mother was Paraguayan, but the qualification comes from the fact that his father is a Spaniard.

Anibal first played for the local Sportivo Yteno, and went from there to the nation's most famous club, Cerro Porteno. He played sometimes at wing full-back, but usually as stopper, or defensive wing-half. The second role suited him best because it allowed him a little freedom to set up attacks with some very perceptive clearances from the depth of defence.

According to the Cerro Porteno president, Pablo Rojas, Anibal was "half the team". Senor Rojas was understandably bitter about the fact that each year Cerro have to sell a player or two in order to maintain a respectable bank balance. And if this is the situation of Paraguay's leading club, just how do the stragglers exist?

Anibal's transfer, and his loss to the team, was the reason, according to Senor Rojas, for the 1-0 defeat Cerro suffered against one of the lowly clubs, immediately after the transferred player had arrived in Spain.

Senor Rojas was absolutely definite about the quality of Anibal. He told an impromptu press conference that Anibal was the best stopper in Paraguay. Fact, or fiction? Your guess is as good as mine. Senor Rojas may have been serious, but Anibal has never played for his home country.

Just like Martinez, he was quickly thrust into the hurly-burly of competitive soccer in Spain. His first impressions were the same as the man from the Argentine.

"Spanish football is strong and fast," he said. "It is somewhat like Paraguayan soccer. Paraguayan soccer possesses the speed of the Brazilians, the flair of the Uruguayans and the technique of the Argentinos."

Maybe I made an error in translation, but I doubt it. At any rate this last statement provides plenty of food for thought: what might not Paraguay have achieved in the last World Cup with this Anibal in the team?

Seriously, though, he has a long way to go. I know he wasn't allowed much time to settle in at Mestalla before the first match of the season, away to Pontevedra, took place, but his lack of command was neither a compliment to him, or the men who signed him. Valencia lost this first game 2-0. Anibal and Martinez combined together to play a dual-stopper role in the centre of the defence. Neither particularly impressed.

Experimented

Valencia made a poor start to the season. The 33-year-old veteran stopper Manolo Mestre was injured, and could only watch from the sidelines. Anibal was injured, and omitted from the team. In desperation Mundo experimented with full-back Vilar at stopper, switching Martinez into a position of covering wing-half.

And at last the team looked a little happier. Yet Sporting Lisbon swept the club out of the Fairs Cup, and Mundo struggled to find a pair of wingers in his *plantilla*.

The decision to throw two "prodigals" in at the deep end could be serious for Mundo if Valencia don't do well this year. At the moment the defence looks hardly any stronger than before the summer, and the attack still lacks consistent wingers. The flirtation with imports, attractive though it may have appeared on the surface, could well backfire on Mundo himself!

THIS SCOTLAND by John Stone

Howitt pushes ahead

WHILE the Scottish First Division Championship will almost inevitably become its now customary two-horse race, Rangers pressing Celtic, the Second Division looks like being one of the most intriguing battles for years.

As I write, a quarter of the programme has been completed. By the time this is read, the positions may have changed dramatically, but the leading five positions at the quarter-way marker are certainly interesting.

They read:

Motherwell	played 9	points 16
Stirling	9	16
East Stirling	9	15
Forfar	9	14
Albion Rovers	9	14

To find only two points between the leading five is something one might associate with the English First Division Championship, but it is certainly an almost unique situation down in Scotland's Division II.

It will be a wonderful thing if these five clubs, and that other ever-threatening trio, Queen of the South, Ayr United and East Fife, can keep the pace cracking along until well into the spring.

Indeed, it could give Division II the biggest fillip it has had for years.

So often ignored by all but the few hundreds of fans who stick loyally by their particular local club, the Division has been drifting along uninspiringly for years.

St. Mirren last season, and Greenock Morton the previous term, made it a complete one-horse race for the Championship.

It is highly unlikely that we will see any club do the same thing this season.

One of the favourites, of course, must be Motherwell, a side most people felt would not be relegated last term from Division I.

They began the points campaign at a cracking pace, losing only two points out of the opening 18—and that defeat coming by a penalty goal at Forfar.

In those opening nine matches they cracked home 31 goals for the loss of only six—form that, in normal circumstances, would have seen them with a decent points lead over the remainder of the field.

Yet a bewildered manager Bobby Howitt looks at the league table and discovers that Stirling Albion have an identical record, although scoring only 24 goals for the loss of eight.

Significantly, these were the relegated pair last season, and should of course make some sort of impact in the lower division.

Willie McFarlane, Stirling's successor as manager to Sammy Baird, has done a splendid job of moulding the "yo yo" team (Albion got that nickname for the way they constantly won promotion, only to be quickly relegated) into championship challengers again.

But men like Ian Crawford (East Stirling), Jack Young (Forfar) and Jackie Stewart (Albion Rovers) deserve a lot of credit, too, for putting their relatively small outfits into the promotion-fighting fray.

Still, close as things are at the top, I shall be more than surprised if Motherwell's Bobby Howitt doesn't lead his team to one of the two top places by the end of term.

The former Partick Thistle, Sheffield United and Stoke star made a fine impression as coach to Morton when the Greenock lads were at their height.

He tried valiantly last season to try and stop Well from sliding back to the Second Division.

Now, by having a mini-clear-out at Fir Park, he has given Motherwell a new face.

"When we did go down at the end of last season, our aim was to get back right away; but to come back to the First Division with fresh faces. Like a lot of Scottish clubs, we cannot afford to pay fancy transfer prices, we must find and groom our own young talent," says Howitt.

So far, Howitt has been successful not only in finding good youngsters, but also in grooming them into a team that will take some stopping.

The cost of relegation may not be quite as drastic as Motherwell anticipated, either, for the town is becoming aware again of a successful side.

"Our gates have not dropped at all number-wise from last season," reports Howitt. "If anything, in the first quarter of the season, they were possibly a couple of hundred up.

"What does drop, of course, is financial figures. Ordinary ground admission in Division II is only 3s. as opposed to 5s. in the First."

Yet as the season progresses, if Motherwell can stay among the pacemakers, I'm convinced that gates will swell still further to offset the financial loss.

"What I like is that almost half our supporters these days seem to be youngsters, schoolboys. They are the supporters we want to encourage, and quite honestly they don't mind if we are in the Second Division if we are winning.

"Schoolboys want a winning side, not a First Division side not getting results."

The old "blend of youth and experience" cliche is worked overtime in soccer, but at Motherwell Bobby Howitt has settled for the formula most successfully.

JACKIE McINALLY. (Spt)

Old First Division hands like Jackie McInally, the lanky ex-Kilmarnock inside-forward, and long-serving centre-half John Martis are still around to help a crop of talented youngsters through.

Howitt sees only one real problem for his side in the Second Division—apart, of course, from Stirling Albion, Albion Rovers, Queen of the South, East Stirling and little Forfar.

"You have got to get in the mood for football in this division, and it isn't always easy.

"Many of the grounds are small, narrow, the surroundings are poor and the atmosphere is almost non-existent," says Bobby.

"On grounds like these, you just can't get a nice, flowing game going. These tiny little grounds are all against open football.

"So far, we've got over the problem fairly well, but where my players are under a strain, too, is that people expect them to win and win handsomely every week.

"If they win by a big score, it's liable to be taken for granted. If it's only 1-0, people say they are disappointed. I'll settle for a 1-0 win any time. I want us back in the First Division."

Somehow, I think that's exactly what this member of the new young school of managers will get . . . a place again among the big boys for Motherwell.

CHAMPIONS CUP

First Round—First Leg

Manchester City 0
Fenerbahce (Turkey) 0

Manchester. Att. 39,000. Ref. Van Ravens (Holland).

Man. City: Mulhearn; Kennedy, Doyle, Heslop, Pardoe; Bell, Oakes; Lee, Summerbee, Young, Coleman.

Fenerbahce: Yavuz; Sukru, Ercan, Nuneiler, Levent; Selim, Ziya; Yilmaz, Abdullah, Nedim, Can (Fuat).

The English champions, lacking European experience and tactical maturity, spent a frustrating evening trying to pierce a superbly organised Turkish rearguard whose heroes were stopper Ercan and a brilliant 20-year-old keeper.

Waterford (Eire) 1
Matthews (64).
Manchester United 3
Law 3 (8, 40, 54).

Dublin. Att. 48,000. Ref. Mullan (Scotland).

Waterford: Thomas; Bryan, Morley, McGeough, Griffin; Magaire, Coad; Casey, Hale, O'Neill, Matthews.

Man. Utd.: Stepney (Rimmer); Dunne, Foulkes, Stiles, Burns; Crerand, Charlton; Best, Sadler, Law, Kidd.

Irish fire and ambition were not enough to stop the holders cruising to a comfortable victory with a hat-trick by Denis Law who could even afford the luxury of missing a penalty.

St. Etienne (France) 2
Keita (15), Revelli (36).
Glasgow Celtic 0

St. Etienne. Att. 30,000. Ref. Oliveira (Portugal).

St. Etienne: Carnus; Durkovic, Bosquier, Mitoraj, Camerini; Jacquet, Herbin; Fefeu, Revelli, Keita, Bereta.

Celtic: Simpson; Craig, Clark, O'Neill, McNeill; Connolly, Brogan; Johnstone, Wallace, Lennox, Hughes.

21-year-old African star Salife Keita set the skilful French champions on the victory path, while Celtic's much-vaunted attack left their shooting boots behind, though Lennox managed to hit a post.

Nürnberg 1
Van Duivenbode o.g. (6).
Ajax Amsterdam 1
Cruyff (80).

Nürnberg. Att. 60,000. Ref. Droz (Switzerland).

Nürnberg: Rynio; Hansen, L. Müller, Wenauer, Popp; Küppers, Zaczyk; Beer, Strehl, H. Müller, Volkert.

Ajax: Balk; Suurbier, Hulshoff, Vasovic, Van Duivenbode; Muller, Groot; Swart, Cruyff, Suurendonck, Keizer.

In one of the outstanding clashes of this round, the Germans failed to convert early chances and were staggered by Johann Cruyff's brilliant header, tumultuously acclaimed by some 7,000 Dutch fans.

Malmo (Sweden) 2
Olsberg (45), Elmstedt (50).
AC Milan 1
Rivera (59).

Malmoe. Att. 25,000. Ref. Siebert (West Germany).

Malmoe: Hult; Löwgren, Kristensson, Elmstedt, Björklund; Andersson, Gransström; Ljungberg, Olsberg, Sneparaki, Tapper.

Milan: Vecchi; Anquilletti, Rosato, Malatrasi, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trapattoni; Hamrin, Prati, Rivera, Golin (Rognoni).

With Milan trailing by 0-2, the referee overruled a linesman and disallowed a third goal for Malmoe, then the brilliant Rivera struck instantly in a counter move, to save his side from certain humiliation.

Anderlecht 3
Bergholtz (15), Peeters (23), Nordahl (58).
Glentoran Belfast 0

Brussels. Att. 35,000. Ref. De Marchi (Italy).

Anderlecht: Trappeniers; Heylens, Kialunda, Plaskie, Peeters; Heirbet, Martens; Bergholtz (Nordahl), Mulder, Van Himst, Puis.

Glentoran: Finlay; Creighton, Cullough, Steward, McKeag; Hill, Johnson; Young, Heron, Weatherup (Welsh), Murray.

The visitors who held Benfica to two draws last season, displayed more strength than skill and found the experienced Belgians, making their ninth appearance in this contest, too hot to handle.

Rosenborg (Norway) 1
Iversen (16).
Rapid Vienna 3
Bjerregaard (28), Kalbrunner (65), Grausam (86).

Trondheim. Att. 22,000. Ref. Howley (England).

Rosenborg: Fossen; Loraas, Rönnes, Eggen, Hvidsand; Nilsen, Christiansen; Pedersen, Sunde, Iversen, Tingstad.

Rapid: Fuchsbichler; Gebhardt, Skocik, Glechner, Fak; Flögel (Lindman), Kalteisbrunner; Fritsch, Bjeerregaard, Grausam, Söndergaard.

The Austrians who defied tradition by packing their side with six recognised attackers, recovered from the shock of an early goal and easily brushed aside the hosts' plucky but unavailing efforts.

AEK Athens (Greece) 3
Papaioannou (27), Papageorgiou (57), Karafeskos (59 pen.).
Jeunesse Esch (Luxembourg) 0

Athens. Att. 20,000. Ref. Monti (Italy).

AEK: Maniateas; Simigdalas, Yordanou, Vassiliou, Sofianidis; Skevofilas (Stathopoulos), Karafeskos; Stamatiadis, Papageorgiou, Papaioannou, Ventouris (Sevastopoulous).

Jeunesse: R. Hofmann; Da Grava, Kaufmann, J. Hofmann, Moricuti; Moquin, Hnatov; J-P. Hofmann, Drouet, Langer, Di Genova.

Superior in every department and all aspects of the game, the Greek champions had few problems in accounting for the hapless guests, who were too busy in defence to threaten any real danger.

Real Madrid 6
Pirri 3 (11, 14, 62), Amancio (17), Perez (28), Bueno (73).
Apollon Limassol (Cyprus) ... 0

Madrid. Att. 30,000. Ref. Gow (England).

Real: Betancourt; Miera, De Felipe, Zunzunegui, Sanchis; Pirri, Zoco; Perez (Bueno), Amancio (Velosa), Velazquez, Genio.

Apollon: Constantiou; Charilaou, Stylianou, Stavrinou, Kostakis; Demetriou, Panikkos (Tsagaris); Zenou, Michael (Carinos), Bamboulis, Nontas.

The Cypriots resitsed bravely but were no match for Real, the "permanent fixtures" of this tournament, who rattled up the half dozen with consumate ease helped by a fine hat-trick from Pirri.

Valur (Iceland) 0
Benfica 0

Reykjavik. Ref. Graham (Ireland).

Valur: Dugsion; Erlingsson, Einarsson, Ragnasson, Thorsteinn; Jonsson, Juhanson; Ericsson, Raynir, Gunnarsson, Skulasson.

Benfica: Henrique; Jacinto, Humberto, Raul, Cruz; Toni (Graça), Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes (Cavem).

Benfica centre-forward Torres failed to score against Valur of Iceland in the first leg of their European Cup tie.

Form books made nonsense as the unfancied but spirited amateurs from Iceland came close to creating a real sensation against the over-confident Portuguese whose redoubtable forwards were sadly out of touch.

Zürich (Switzerland) 1
Winiger (50).
Akademisk Copenhagen 3
Hansen (22), Wiberg (25), Petersen (62).

Zürich. Att. 17,000. Ref. Gardeazabal (Spain).

Zürich: Grob; Münch, Neumann, Leimgruber, X. Stierli; P. Stierli, Kuhn; Winiger, Martinelli, Künzli, Quentin.

AB: Henriksen; Möllgaard, J. Larsen, B. Larsen, Yde; Kjärsgaard, Collatz; Bernburg, Wiberg, Hansen, Petersen.

Two gift goals in three minutes knocked the stuffing out of a disappointing Swiss side who forced 18-2 corners, but the Danish amateurs belied their current lowly league position with this remarkable performance.

Steaua Bucharest 3
Creiniceanu (20), Voinea (30), Constantin (51).
Spartak Trnava (Czech) 1
Kuna (75).

Bucharest. Att. 15,000.

Steaua: Suciu; Satmareanu, Nicolae (D.), Halmageanu, Vigu; Jenei, Negren; Paniea (Sorin), Constantin (Popescu), Voinea, Greiniceanu.

Spartak Trnava: Geryk; Dobias, Majernik, Jarabek, Hagara; Hrusesky, Kuna; Martinkovic, Cravarik (Farkas), Adamec, Fandel.

Floriana (Malta) 1
Galea (36 pen.).
Reipas Lahti (Finland) 1
Aalto (28).

La Valetta. Att. 12,000. Ref. Finney (England).

Floriana: Zerafa; Galea, Farrugia, Camilleri, Debono; Micallef, Borg (Grech); Vassallo, Buttigieg, Arpa, Macallef (P.).

Reipas: Enckman; Kasonen, Kautonen, Litmanen, Haahti; Partonen; Miikakaoski, Aalto, Hyvarinen, Lehtolainen.

Red Star Belgrade received a bye into Round Two.

Levsky Sofia (Bulgaria), Carl Zeiss Jena (East Germany), Ruch Chorzów (Poland), Dynamo Kiev (Russia) and Ferencvaros (Hungary) have withdrawn from the competition in protest against the rearranged draw.

CUP WINNERS' CUP

First Round—First Leg

Bruges (Belgium) 3
Thio (26), Lambert (51), Bailliu (71).
West Bromwich Albion 1
Hartford (34).

Bruges. Att. 28,000. Ref. Hansen (Denmark).

Bruges: Boone; Hinderickx, Marmenhout, Axelsson, Moelaert; Vandendaele, Reisch; Thio, Carteus, Lambert, Turesson (Bailliu).

W.B.A.: Osborne; Fraser, Brown, Talbut, Williams; Hartford, Kaye; Rees, Astle (Lovett), Hope, Clark.

Albion began in promising style but the nippy hosts soon took command, exposing glaring

EUROPEAN CUP STATISTICS – compiled by ARTHUR ROTMIL

defensive inefficiencies to win on merit, though the game was spoiled by a late brawl in the Belgian goalmouth.

Cardiff City 2
Toshack (25), Bird (50 pen.).
FC Porto (Portugal) 2
Pinto 2 (56, 60).
Cardiff. Att. 25,000. Ref. Pintado (Spain).
Cardiff: Davies; Derrett, Murray, Harris, Bell; Sutton, Clark; Jones, King, Toshack, Bird.
Porto: Americo; Suzena, Acacio, Rolando, Bernado; Valdemar, Gomes; Pavao, Chico, Djalma, Nobrega (Pinto).

The Portuguese captain Custodio Pinto, who was left out because of stomach trouble, came on in the second-half and rocked the Welshmen with two fine goals to pull back a 0-2 deficit.

Partizani (Albania) 1
Shaquiri (46).
Torino (Italy) 0
Tirana. Att. 28,000. Ref. Gugulovic (Yugoslavia).
Partizani: Janku; M. Gjika, S. Gjika, Slaku, Vasu; Ragami, Bizi; Bajko, Shaqiri, Pano, Jashari (Ciraku).
Torino: Vieri; Poletti, Cereser, Bolchi, Fossati; Puia, Moschino; Carelli (Mondonico), Ferrini, Balsi, Facchin (Corni).

Inexperienced and technically crude, the adventurous Albanians shook the Italian cup-holders with a winner, wildly celebrated by the fanatical capacity crowd and they also missed an open goal from five yards in unbelievable fashion!

Bordeaux (France) 2
Petyt (19), Massé (55).
Cologne (West Germany) 1
Rühl (26).
Bordeaux. Att. 20,000. Ref. Doorpmans (Holland).
Bordeaux: Montes; Péri, Desremeaux, Calleja, Chorda; Baudet, Simon; Massé, Burdino, Couécou, Petyt (Abossolo).
Cologne: Heyeres; Pott, Busch, Weber, Hemmersbach; Biskup, Simmet; Rühl, Flohe, Overath, Hornig.

The heady wine of Bordeaux proved superior to Eau de Cologne, but the hosts frequently worried by sudden, rapid counters failed to establish a comforting margin in face of a massed German defence.

Randers Freja (Denmark) 1
Gaardsö (88).
Shamrock Rovers 0
Randers. Att. 15,000. Ref. Weyland (West Germany).
Freja: Mögens; Kaarup, Lykke, Nielsen, Rasmussen; Vonsyld, Andersen; Andreasen (Raaby), Bödker, Gaardsö, Sörensen.
Rovers: Smith; Gregg, Dixon, Brady, Courtney; Fullam, Kinsella; Gilbert, Leech, O'Neill, Richardson.

Nearly run off their feet, the Irish kept calm under sustained, furious pressure from Denmark's Second Division outfit for whom top scorer Gaardsö fired an unstoppable winner just before the end.

Slovan Brutislava (Czech) 3
Cvetler 2 (48, 70), Jokl (80).
Bor (Yugoslavia) 0
Bratislava. Att. 8,000. Ref. Marschall (Austria).
Slovan: Vencel; Hrivnak, Horvath, Zlocha, Mutkovic; Sokol, Hrdlicka; Cvetler, Moder (Bigon), Jokl, Capkovic.
Bor: Hajdukovic; Rankovic, Peric, Rojzner, Perusic; Radulovic, Tomin; Petrovic, Sopic, Mitrovic, Podarcic (Sorban).

Second half domination brought this clear-cut victory for the Slovaks, but they had a rare fight on their hands with the unusually tough Yugos, only recently promoted to their First Division.

Lugano (Switzerland) 0
Barcelona 1
Zabalza (76).
Lugano. Att. 15,000. Ref. Machin (France).
Lugano: Prosperi; Mocellin (Lusenti), Codurri, Pullica, Indemini; Coinçon (Simonetti), Luttrop; Brenna, Signorelli, Blumer, Chiesa.
Barcelona: Sadurni; Torres, Gallego, Zabalza, Eladio; Pellicer, Fernandez; Juanito (Oliveiros), Pereda, Mendoça, Reixach.

Nothing went right for luckless Lugano, who missed chances hitting the posts twice and although class told in the end, this was merely a faint shadow of the once great Barcelona side.

Dunfermline 10
Robertson 2 (9, 81), Barry (17), Gardner (19), Renton 2 (26, 86), Edwards (44), W. Callaghan 2 (57, 65), T. Callaghan (70).
Apoel (Cyprus) 1
Stylianou (74).
Dunfermline. Att. 11,000. Ref. M. Sirevaag (Norway).
Dunfermline: Martin; Callaghan, Lunn, McCarthy, Barry; Renton, Robertson; Paton, Edwards, Gardner, Lister.
Apoel: Theodorides; Lefteris, Hiotas, Solis, Hantakas; Stefanis, Nigakis; Antros, Nikos, Pakkos, Stilianou.

As expected, this was an unequal contest between the gallant but amateurish Cypriots and the ruthlessly professional Scots for whom every forward was on target and even defenders joined the goal-spree.

Crusaders Belfast 2
Jamison (40), Parke (77).
Norrköping (Sweden) 2
Hult (18), Hultberg (53).
Belfast. Att. 8,000. Ref. ????
Crusaders: Nicholson; McGuinness, Cathcart; McFarland, Campbell, Anderson (Burke); McPolin, McArdle, Jamison, Meldrum, Parke.
Norrköping: Lindarom; Blom, Pressfeldt; Nordqvist, Bjorklund; Johnsson, Hult; Larsson, Hultberg, Henselgren, Berglund.

Crusaders' honest endeavour was not enough to overcome their more skilful opponents who, forgetting defence, attacked in force at every opportunity and twice led before having to settle for a draw.

Altay Izmir (Turkey) 3
Feydn (27), Aydin 2 (83, 89).
Lynn Oslo (Norway) 1
Austnes (62).
Izmir. Att. 25,000. Ref. M. Iosif (Rumania).
Altay: Tanxel; Yilmaz, Zinnur, Enyir, Rüza; Ayfer, Benzat; Aydin, Mustafa, Feydn, Roland.
Lynn: Syien; Jan, Helge, Andreas Trgue; Knut, Karl; Sveinung, Xerg, Lucn, Austnes.

The Turkish side left it late against Lynn. They did not go into the lead after the Norwegians' equaliser until only seven minutes from the end. Their third goal was scored in the last minute.

Rümelingen (Luxembourg) ... 2
Leszczynski 2 (21, 48).
Sliema (Malta) 1
Cocks (58).
Luxembourg.
Sliema: Sultana; L. Falzon, Aquilina; F. Falzon, Darmanin, Micallef; Cocks, Buttigieg, Cini, Bonett, Vassallo (Spiteri).

Rumelingen appeared to be heading for a comfortable win when Leszczynski scored their second three minutes after the resumption, but a goal by Ronnie Cocks ten minutes later gave Sliema hope for the return.

ADO Den Haag (Holland) ... 4
Giesen 2 (41, 68), Schoenmaker (53), Aartsen (59).
Grazer AK (Austria) 1
Stering (40).
The Hague. Att. 20,000.

ADO soon recovered from the shock of Stering giving the Austrians a 40th-minute lead and within a minute were level. In the second half the goals came regularly and the Dutch side finished with a commanding advantage.

Olympiakos (Greece) 2
Fram Reykiavik (Iceland) 0
Athens. Att. 30,000.
Olympiakos: Georgis; Galtazis, Zendereglou, Aganiss, Pavlides; Sideris, Stolingas; Vassiliou, Sideris, Toutsos, Botinos.
Fram: Peyrsson; Kjartsson, Arnasson, Jonsson, Schram; Bjornson, Hafstiensson; Beck, Maskan, Larysson, Felixson.

Olympiakos found the Iceland team's defence particularly strong and were at lengths to penetrate the mass of opposing players. But their two clear goal lead looked enough to ensure success.

Dynamo Bucharest received a bye into Round Two.

Spartak Sofia (Bulgaria), Union East Berlin, Górnik Zabrze (Poland), Moscow Dynamo and Vasas Györ (Hungary) have withdrawn from the competition.

Some details of these matches were unavailable at the time of going to press. It is hoped that these details will be available for the January edition of WORLD SOCCER

Bobby Lennox of Celtic, who went down 2-0 to St. Etienne in the first leg of their European Cup encounter. (Spt)

DIDI STILL IN C

PERU has never qualified for the World Cup's final stages and doesn't expect to this time, following two home draws against the below strength Argentine national team, which is in the same qualifying group, in August and September.

Brazil's former World Cup star, Waldir Pereyra "Didi", whose coaching of leading Peruvian clubs and the national team has had a profound Brazilian influence on local soccer, was jointly put in charge of the national team again together with former Peruvian star, Roberto Drago.

They picked a squad of 29 players, including ten from champions, Universitario de Deportes of Lima, but only one player from seven provincial clubs whose recent inclusion in the First Division has revitalised Peruvian soccer. These clubs are occupying leading places this season and have some good players. The only reason for leaving them out appears to be that it makes team training easier with all the players from the capital. Changes are likely, however, as nobody was satisfied with Peru's performances versus Brazil (lost both games at home), Chile (drew one, lost one) and the two draws against Argentina.

The national team is experimenting with a 4-1-2-3 formation for which "Didi" has high hopes. The "1" is a variation of the sweeper, but instead of playing behind the backs, he occupies the midfield to break up attacks and "walls". The "2" play without definite marks, defending or attacking as required.

But in their games against Argentina only Alianza's Juan Baylon, a dangerous right-winger with "Garrincha"-type ball-control, impressed me—in spite of being marked because he was given a lot of play.

Lima continues to be a good spot financially for international games. Even top-class club friendlies can fill the Estadio Nacional—scene of South America's biggest disaster (over 400 spectators killed in a stampede) during the Peru-Argentina Olympic qualifying game in 1963—to near its 50,000 capacity. There is a tendency to nationalise local soccer, however, and no foreign players are being signed now.

As mentioned, the First Division Championship was reorganised recently by bringing in provincial champions and they have this season really come to the forefront. At the time of writing two of them, Octavio Espinoza of Ica and Aurich of Chiclayo, jointly top the table while champions, Universitario de Deportes, of Lima, are lying fourth.

Universitario are Peru's top club, however, and they rank among South America's leading teams. They have represented Peru in six of the nine South American club tournaments held and they stood out in the last two. Although not as good as last year, Universitario were nevertheless good enough to end the 30-game unbeaten run of South American champions, Estudiantes de La Plata, beating them 1-0 at Lima and only losing by the same score in Buenos Aires in the cup earlier this year. Universitario have several players below form and now, unfortunately, concentrate more on defence with a 4-2-4 formation.

BOLIVIA: ALTITUDE THEIR STRONGEST CARD

Bolivia won the South American Nations Championship, played in their homeland, in 1963 for the first and only time. Bolivians called it a miracle and it was no less than that ... helped, of course, by the country's altitude (La Paz is 3,800 metres above sea-level) which hindered players of other teams, the absence of defending champions, Uruguay, and the fact that Argentina and Brazil sent "B" teams. On other occasions Bolivia always finishes in bottom place in this tournament.

Bolivia took part in the first World Cup, at Montevideo in 1930, and also in all post-war competitions, only qualifying for the final stages in Rio, in 1950, where they were knocked out 8-0 by Uruguay for their pains.

The national team rarely plays outside World Cup and continental tournaments and a new squad is picked every time. Lack of cash makes lengthy preparation impossible and there are no plans afoot yet for the World Cup qualifying games against Peru and Bolivia next August. Bolivia's hopes, as usual, rest in picking up home points against teams unable to keep going for the full 90 minutes in the rarified atmosphere, but they don't expect to do anything away from home.

This altitude problem works both ways, of course. While visiting teams soon get tired due to lack of oxygen, Bolivians, playing in low lands, feel very heavy and their feet swell, apart from other discomforts. Bolivians reckon that it is easier to acclimatise for visitors "coming up" than for Bolivians "going down".

The way visiting teams should play in Bolivia is slow with anticipated positioning, as little running as possible and making the ball do most of the work—in Peñarol's style—but few teams, used to a different type of soccer, can adapt themselves to this.

Argentina's current wonder team, San Lorenzo, the unbeaten Metropolitan champions, recently lost 5-1 to Deportivo Municipal at La Paz. The Argentines played their usual fast game and ran themselves off their feet in the first 20 minutes.

For the same reason Bolivian clubs, Jorge Wilsterman, Deportivo Municipal, Aurora, The Strongest, Bolivar and 31 de Octubre, who have taken part in the South American Club Champions Cup since its start in 1960, have a fair home record in this competition, but they never picked up enough away points to get past the first round group yet.

The game is still semi-professional as most clubs can't afford to pay their players full-time wages. Foreigners are favoured and there are quite a number of second-rate Argentine and Uruguayan players who have influenced the game's style, but not standard, towards that of their own countries.

There are also a few foreign coaches. One of the strongest, and richer, clubs, The Strongest of La Paz, are reported to be paying their Argentine coach, the former international centre-forward, Rene Pontoni, 1,000 dollars a month plus bonuses. The team, which supplied most of the players for the last national side, includes four Argentines. Another of the leading clubs, Bolivar, has also just engaged an Argentine coach, Mario Imbelloni, a former San Lorenzo team-mate of Pontoni's.

VENEZUELA: WILL "PELOTA" OUST BASEBALL?

Earlier this year I reported in WORLD SOCCER that football, called "pelota" by the locals, was gaining popularity in Venezuela and could soon oust baseball as the country's number one sport. Venezuela is the only South American country where football is not the national sport, but at the same time it was the last country to take it up.

The professional soccer league was only started as recently as the early 1960s and it draws its support mainly from the Spanish, Italian and Portuguese communities which were greatly swelled by immigration following the oil boom. This is evident from names of clubs such as Deportivo Italia, Deportivo Galicia, Deportivo Portugues, Canarios.

The clubs are limited companies, as in England, and they started operating by bringing in foreign players mostly from Brazil, but also Argentina, Peru and Uruguay, but the soccer played is still very elementary. First-

South American Survey Part VI

Peru's top team—Universitario de Lima. (EW)

CHARGE

class coaches are the most urgent need at the moment.

From the start the Venezuelan FA has been keen to participate in all international tournaments to gain experience. Thus they have entered South American nations and club championships since 1964 and also the last World Cup.

Venezuelan teams in these tournaments have been very defensive-minded. If the object was to avoid heavy defeats, they were successful, but the soccer was unattractive and lacking in ideas.

This year champions, Deportivo Portugues, became the first Venezuelan club to get past the first round of the South American Club Championship by finishing second in their four-club group, but only because Nautico Recife (Brazil) had two points taken off them. Even so, Venezuela's representatives, Galicia and Portugues, didn't lose heavily against Brazilian rivals (their first round opponents) and even took points off Nautico Recife.

This year, also, Venezuela's amateurs took part in the Olympic qualifying tournament in Colombia, but the team showed its characteristic preoccupation with defence, while the tournament, as a whole, lacked goals as participants were better at defence than attack.

What remains to be seen is whether the Venezuelan FA's scheme to gradually nationalise its soccer—this season clubs have to include a minimum of four local-born players in their league line-ups and the total is going to be increased gradually—is going to benefit the standard (internationally) and spectator interest. At present foreign players are still the main attraction, while Venezuelans, fully aware of the limitations of their own soccer, will fill Caracas's biggest stadium, which holds 35,000, for the frequent visits of top foreign sides, even when not facing local opposition, but rarely for a local league game.

Venezuela's national team rarely plays between tournaments and we will see if any progress has been made when they meet Paraguay, Colombia and Brazil in their World Cup qualifying group next August. On present standards they can hope for nothing better than bottom place however.

by **ERIC WEIL**

Two of Ecuador's international half-backs . . . on the left is Mario Zambrano, pictured with Carlos Pineda. (EW)

HUNGARY RETAIN TITLE

HUNGARY gained a hollow victory in the Olympic Final played at the Aztec Stadium in Mexico City, the scheduled venue for the 1970 World Cup Final. The Magyars were undoubtedly the finest team in the tournament but what chance Bulgaria had of victory in the Final disappeared when three players were sent off.

Anatasse Christov, Dimitrov and Ivkov—all of Bulgaria—were dismissed shortly before half-time and the match was reduced to a farce. Before the final whistle, however, Juhasz of Hungary was also sent for an early bath.

The Hungarians, with little to play against, were obviously uninspired and managed a 4-1 win, but long before the end cushions were thrown on to the pitch as the spectators desperately tried to keep themselves awake.

Earlier in the competition Hungary had played well to defeat Japan, a nation that has made striking progress with the past few years. The Orientals were eventually beaten 5-0—with Szucs getting a hat-trick and Novak a couple of penalties — but before their stamina ran out they did enough to illustrate that they are a force with which to be reckoned.

Japan, in fact, beat Mexico 2-0 in the match for third place—a result that brought derision on the Mexican players. The home squad had been expected to fare quite well if only for their ability to cope with the problems of altitude.

In beating Spain, one of the fancied contenders, Mexico had raised her own hopes but they were never a match for the busy, efficient Japanese.

The question of altitude and the difficulties it causes were closely examined by Sir Alf Ramsey, among others, but Hungary, for example, were never made to go flat out and Mexico '70 could paint a very different picture for the European nations.

Some players ran out of steam long before they would have done under normal conditions, while others appeared totally unaffected.

WITCH-HUNT UNFORGIVABLE

European Commentary by GORDON JEFFERY

ROCHDALE are the latest Football League club ordered to post warning notices at their ground about the behaviour of spectators at their matches. This action followed incidents when missiles were thrown on the pitch in the course of a Fourth Division match against Bradford City. Such a fixture was not one perhaps that was likely to stir up local feeling, and I have seen nothing to suggest that Rochdale and Bradford City players have been offered the vast financial inducements to succeed that we are often told causes the tension on the pitch that communicates itself to the spectators.

Still, for some reason or another there was trouble and, although as Langston Hughes wrote in another context, there's a hell of a distance between Rochdale v. Bradford City, and Estudiantes v. Manchester United, this seems to me to be a factor to be borne in mind when considering the implications of this season's two matches in the ill-starred, maybe ill-begotten, Inter-Continental Championship.

ORDERS

Another factor is that when the unhappy Harry Redknapp was sent off playing for West Ham at Leeds, he was the first player in some 150 Football League First Division matches to have received marching orders this season. On the other hand when the Argentinian National Championship opened on a Sunday in September and five of the eight matches were played, two players were sent off. The six matches played the following Sunday passed off without an expulsion but both Colon of Santa Fe and Huracan of Bahia Blanca had a player sent off in one of the five matches played the next Sunday, and one week later, in a fuller Sunday programme of seven matches, Independiente had two players sent off against Los Andes—but still with nine men gained a four-one victory incidentally. That's six players sent off in 23 matches—or an expulsion rate nearly 40 times that of the Football League's First Division!

And that, of course, can be taken to mean just exactly what you personally care to make it! Argentinian players are dirtier. Argentinian referees are stricter. English players—or perhaps I should write players with English clubs since the Scots have the worst statistical record when it comes to expulsions in Football League matches!—are either more crafty or they are allowed by indulgent referees to get away with more sins. Expulsions are more lightly regarded in Argentina than in England....

It is like the whole of the Estudiantes-Manchester United business—and the whole question of conflict in inter-club and international competitions. Here we go round the merry-go-round. We—in Britain (assuming that the Scots were on *our* side this time as we, the English, were on Celtic's a year ago) — see Pachame commit a shocking foul on Bobby Charlton, and get away with it from a South American referee who got more upset by the sort of gesture of annoyance from Nobby Stiles that is frequent in sporting contests everywhere.

REGRETS

Pachame himself makes an early visit to see Bobby Charlton when Estudiantes arrive in England for the return match, is photographed inspecting the wound still on Charlton's leg, expresses his regrets and explains it was all an accident because Bobby Charlton moved his leg as Pachame came in to tackle. It might have been more convincing had the Argentinian said that Charlton moved the ball that, after all, should have been what Pachame's boot was seeking. He may have meant that anyway, or been misinterpreted.

So much does get misinterpreted—in word and deed. The worst offences—not all of which can be explained away as misunderstandings — are committed off the field. Much the worst in this case was the pre-Buenos Aires match campaign against Stiles. To a degree one can accept, even if not wishing to copy and being a bit sickened that some of our papers are tending to these days, that as newspapers in some countries are insulting about their own players they should not be expected to write more charitably of visiting opponents. But there is no justification—save that of a deliberate attempt to incite trouble — for printing in the match programme remarks like this about Nobby Stiles:

"Tenacious and sometimes brutal in search of his man. He takes recourse to anything to contain his man. He is very badly intentioned and a most bad sportsman."

That may be Otto Gloria's view of Stiles — though they come oddly from the manager of the Benfica team who seemed to be working on a rota basis to cripple George Best and Bobby Charlton in the opening period of the 1968 European Champions Cup Final at Wembley. In that same match Eusebio, not in the best humour with the nagging injury that would have excused a lesser player from being included at all, was guilty of one of the worst-intentioned fouls I have seen. I would not hold that against this magnificent player but if I did, and wrote as such, I would never expect my opinion to be printed in the *official* programme of a club playing against Benfica or Portugal.

Gloria, in other words, can, if he wishes, join the witch-hunt but Estudiantes by printing his remarks offend every sporting instinct and encourage our fears that so much that they do, both on and off the field, is coolly calculated to agitate. Stiles refused to be agitated in the match in Buenos Aires despite considerable provocation — it was bordering on the farcical that he was sent off for no reason that would stand examination and implied that the referee had himself read too much pre-match build-up; but George Best's patience gave out just before the end of the second match—tried mainly by being spat upon and I fear I will have to wait a long time before there is much sign of referees catching up with that offence for all that FIFA has underlined it recently.

Inter-Milan defender Bedin (left) leaps in to challenge Estudiantes defender Veron during the match between the two teams in Milan. Inter won 2-1. (UPI)

For that matter some referees seem slow, or reluctant, to implement the four-steps rule for goalkeepers in privileged possession of the ball. After noting Poletti once taking eight steps I thought that the Yugoslav referee of the Old Trafford match was amongst them but later actions by Mr. Zecevic suggested that was probably only giving the Estudiantes keeper the benefit of the doubt until it became obvious that he intended to make a habit of carrying the ball regardless of any changed rule.

ARRANGED

One can go on repeating the dismal episodes — right to the departure of Estudiantes with no regard for the matches they had arranged — *before Manchester United even arrived in Buenos Aires for the first match*—against Arsenal and Birmingham. One can get involved again in this old argument about the different interpretation of the laws of the game but more and more I think that to do so is to wander around in a cul-de-sac.

I am not, in any case, convinced that there is all that much difference in the interpretation. There are considerable differences in *attitudes*, of course, and although it is perhaps true

that differences in temperament come into these, I think these stem more from physical factors —in particular the pitches on which the game is played. The Bóca pitch was even worse than the most experienced travellers of Manchester United's players had expected. Diabolical was Pat Crerand's word for it, and he added: "I've got a little lawn behind my house and 17 kids are there every day playing football and it is still better than this."

Denis Law in one of his flashes of a brand of humour, that so confused Argentinian reporters as they quoted his give-away asides as if they were solemn pronouncements, suggested that the pitch was "just like Wembley. The grass is green."

Later, however, more seriously and more perceptively, he remarked: "I think the quality of the pitches, balls and floodlights has a lot to do with the way they play. Players get irritated when they make mistakes through the ball bouncing away out of control and they sometimes kick an opponent solely because the bounce has caused them to overreach."

This must be completely understandable to anyone who has had to play on bumpy, uneven pitches. Nowadays nearly all the public pitches I see are a vast improvement on those of pre-war but even then in my locality out of about 120 public pitches we had a dozen or so with a smooth, true surface. And everyone—the good, the bad and the indifferent players—knew they would enjoy a better game on the good pitch. The Argentinian players who have experienced European pitches know this, too. I wrote in WORLD SOCCER after the 1966 World Cup:

PITCHES

"The players returned from Europe and, apart from their sideline involvement in the inquests on the World Cup events with the much publicised complaints about refereeing, the expulsion of big Rattin and the sinister role of FIFA, complained about the state of many pitches upon which they were asked to play. These complaints were less publicised, particularly outside of Argentina, but were largely justified with few even of the richer clubs disposed to spend anything like the same proportion of their revenue as most English clubs do on care of the playing surface. Usually this is taken for granted but a warm dry winter had worsened the state of already poor pitches and the returning players could not avoid noting the difference compared with those they had played on and seen whilst in Europe—in their warming-up as well as in the World Cup matches."

If ever there was a case of priorities becoming reversed it is that of a magnificent stadium with a rotten pitch and one hopes for football's sake, more than the comfort of spectators, FIFA both for the 1970 World Cup and for the 1978, if it is to go to Argentina, will exist upon a good standard of playing surface.

DRIBBLE

It was the uneven playing surface at Boca that added to United's problems. Normally players like Best, Law and Charlton can dribble the ball and be able to observe the movements of their opponents—their legs in particular! If, as at Boca, they need to watch both the ball, that moved as much according to the vagaries of the pitch surface as to the players' control, *and* their opponents, then, clearly, the need to escape injury reduced virtually to nil their chance of controlling the wayward ball.

Such things cause frustration but in the middle of a match against a foreign side it is not easy to appreciate the basic cause of the frustration. Instead it is automatic to blame the foreigner! Sir Matt Busby may seem to be living in a cloud-cuckoo land when, after the whole sad affair, he urged that the matches must go on.

"We have got to learn to play with one another for how else can the game be advanced? Football is a world game and you can't run away from these situations."

He went on to talk about finding a common ground on which we can have a genuine game of football together, and in so doing came very close to the solution. Overwhelming we are all, to varying degrees, snared in this business about different interpretations. Much comes from the pens of those completely ignorant of conditions outside of their own parish but still eager to offer their views. Watching Yugoslavia "getting stuck in" to England in the European Football Championship semi-final, did you remember reading how those foreigners don't like tackling? Seeing the fine heading of the Estudiantes' players, did you not recall being

● *Continued on page 43*

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SPEAKING PERSONALLY . . . LESLIE VERNON

Press must share blame

THE party is over! The over-publicised, overrated matches for the meaningless title of "World Club Champions" have been played, and once again the trophy (if they bothered to donate one!) stays in South America. The tie was lost on the field of play by a team wearing the colours of Manchester United, but in reality, the blame for their failure should be put firmly on the shoulders of a section of the press and television.

The hysteria generated by these gentlemen was quite unprecedented, and they managed to brainwash not only the public, but also the United players. The hate campaign against the admittedly far from innocent Argentinians started weeks before the first match. The trip to Buenos Aires was discussed like a military operation into enemy territory. Day after day, we were fed with irrelevant information about the width of the ditch separating the players from the spectators at the Boca Juniors ground, the ferocity of their fans, and the hostility of the Argentinians towards the English.

During the World Cup, Sir Alf Ramsey labelled the Argentinians "animals". Later he retracted this remark, which was obviously made in the heat of the moment and should have been forgotten long ago. But a sensation-seeking journalist never forgets such an explosive adjective, so it was pulled out of the bag again, and we were told that the Argentinians were ready for revenge. Not in the football sense, of course—this was of secondary importance—but that blood would flow unless the United boys restrained themselves!

The Manchester party was greeted with courtesy and great hospitality by the Estudiantes officials. "They are only pretending," said the clever pressmen. "Wait until they get us on the pitch." By then, the United players were so confused, that they hardly dared to kick the ball—let alone play up to their usual potential. The Argentinians had an easy match, the crowd behaved impeccably, and even the referee didn't cheat, which is rather surprising when one considers that he was a South American! Ah, but the linesman was a real villain, he actually smiled (!) at the crowd, and was instrumental in disallowing a perfectly good Manchester goal.

Well, it was a legitimate score on Thursday morning, but by the same evening, it did not look quite so good! So who could be blamed? "The Estudiantes boys were hair-pulling and spitting at the players when the ball was not there, consequently, attention was diverted." These were the most popular accusations made by some members of the British press. Others did not notice anything wrong. I prefer to believe the impartial neutral foreign press, who also did not think that there was anything more "dirty" than a series of tactical fouls, which were despicable, but unfortunately, no longer the prerogative of the South Americans.

Nobby Stiles was sent off for persistently disagreeing with the referee's decisions. Prior to his dismissal, he was warned, through an interpreter, that if he made one more derisive gesture he would be getting an early shower. He did.

United came home beaten, but not disgraced. There was a great chance of winning the return match—if it was worth winning at all? But once again, the publicity was focused on the unsavoury aspects of the whole affair, instead of thinking in terms of football. "It was a vile match in Buenos Aires," said Bernard Joy on television. "You British are all liars," said a lady of indeterminate origin on the same programme. She had never seen a football match in her life, but those good-looking Argentinian boys would not hurt anybody! A 15-year-old United supporter straight out of "Zigger-Zagger" declared: "There will be trouble if we are not winning ten minutes before the end!"

Was this really the best way to calm an already over-stimulated mob? It obviously was not, but the Argentinians scored early on, and the match lost its knife-edge impetus. The Manchester players were still intent on revenge, the atmosphere of the game was not conducive to constructive football, the whole thing degenerated into a dismal fiasco. The penultimate act was just as idiotic as the ones preceding it. George Best, who was over-exposed in countless TV interviews before the match, did not "stick five past them" as he kept promising us, but was sent off with an opponent near the end. The jubilant Argentinians packed their bags, and refused to honour their commitments by playing off the contracted friendlies against Arsenal and Birmingham. An unforgivable snub, uncalled for, and incredibly stupid!

Only the admirable Zecevic, who controlled the Old Trafford game faultlessly, deserves any credit.

It is a fact that foreign players do not like to play against British teams, because they do not relish hard tackling. How many times did Di Stefano, Puskas or Pelé play in England? On the other hand, the British players are irritated when they have to contend with the antics of the Latins. The gap seems almost insurmountable, and in my view, matches between these two types of footballing nations should be kept to the minimum. These farcical inter-continental cup ties should not only be discouraged, but explicitly barred by the FIFA. The champion clubs will never stop them voluntarily. As long as they can collect a cool £50,000 gate-money, they will put up with all the indignities, gladly. After last year's Celtic v. Racing disaster, I felt that nothing worse could ever happen to football. But the recent blemish on the game was even more depressing, because it was completely unnecessary.

The 22 players involved, who are, after all, the most important contributors to these matches, were genuinely anxious to avoid any unpleasantness, but the commentators and I repeat *some* of the journalists were intent to magnify every incident out of all proportion, and heckled the boys into a mood of belligerence. In theory, matches between the champions of two continents should have provided magnificent entertainment, great propaganda for the game. Instead, the whole affair was stupid, bad tempered, and so very, very sad. . . .

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● *Continued from page 10*

they were still a long way short of potential trophy-winning standards, they were certainly a vastly improved side.

Down in mid-Ulster the story was, in the initial stages, much the same for Jim Conway and Portadown. Never a great side, the Ports were having a lean spell when the unknown Conway, a former Celtic player, arrived as centre-forward. He became one of the most dangerous attackers in the league and then he was asked to become manager. He was given a four-year contract at £40 a week and told to get on with it.

For Conway, the experiment just failed to work. He had no money to buy the players the club so obviously needed and he had very little backing from the board who seemed more concerned with their own petty battles than with the disasters being suffered week after week by the club.

Conway was eventually asked to leave but refused on the grounds that he had not broken any part of the contract. Stalemate, and the shambles dragged on with Conway doing his best under a cloud. Finally he fixed himself with the Bolton job and gratefully left Shamrock Park.

OLD FORMULA RETURNS

FOR the 1967–68 campaign Italy returned to a First Division of 16 teams after a 25-year spell with 18. This gives you scholars of the Italian game a renewed interest in the statistics and records of the old "Formula 16" First Division.

One of the most difficult records to beat will certainly be for the maximum number of goals scored in a season: in 1942–43 742 goals were netted, an average of 3.091 per match; a difficult record for anyone to beat, in an age when the prizes for winning are so high that defensive football is ever on the increase. This seemed, until West Ham's recent 8-0 thrashing of Sunderland, to be just as true of English football as it has been of the Italian game during the last few years. There, the average First Division score has sunk to 1.9 goals per match. It would be interesting to know last year's average for our own First Division.

In the 11th round of the First Division championship in 1934–35, 40 goals were scored, an average of five per match. It seems that this record, too, will take a mighty lot of beating.

The record goal-scorer for an Italian 16-team First Division was Guaita in that same season. Maybe the standard of Italian football was not so high then, but this number of goals is outstanding when one considers that the top First Division goal-scorer for last season was Riva with only 18 goals. A record which will be much easier to beat, however, is that for the minimum number of goals scored in one day—11 goals for the fifth round 1935–36, the 13th round 1938–39, and the sixth round 1941–42.

N.B. To those not initiated into the complicated systems of Italian football, one should explain the use of the word "round" as applied to the First Division championship: it is simply that whilst there is football every Sunday and some mid-week, the Italian league season is divided into two parts. The season begins on or about October 1, and ends in mid-June, but there are several weeks' break-off in December–January. The end of June sees a spate of cup and international matches, whilst September is the pre-season period for "furious friendlies".

Continuing our examination of the records of the 16-team line-up: the maximum number of points scored by any one team was 44 (Juventus 1934–35), a record equalled by Inter in 1939–40, and by Turin in 1942–43. Inter (Internazionale) by the way, was still known by its old title of Ambrosiana-Internazionale FC. Inter had evolved from two separate entities, the one like Milan founded by Englishmen, and the other a local team named after the patron saint of Milan, St. Ambrose. Ambrosiana-Inter also held the record for the longest run of games without defeat (22 games in 1934–35). The best start to any season was by Juventus in 1930–31, with eight victories in their first eight matches.

Italian Newsletter

by CHRIS WEST

There seems to have been one big difference between the Italian football of then and now: it was still anybody's championship: there were no runaway victories like that of Milan's last season. In fact the largest margin between the first and second teams before the post-war era was of four points when Bologna won the First Division championship in 1938–39, and 1940–41. During the 1950s, when an *élite* was developing, Fiorentina won the 1955–56 championship with a 12-point margin, but the record of all time stays with Torino who, in 1947–48 won the championship 16 points clear of Juventus, Milan and Triestina.

Defensive

Another record which will be hard to beat is that of Juventus who, in 1942–43, scored 75 goals in 30 matches, and, considering today's defensive and money-sodden climate, that other great feat of five goals scored by one man in a match, Meazza (Ambrosiana) in 1937–38, and Gabetto (Juventus) in 1939–40. As all Italians know, the absolute in individual goal-scoring records is held by Omar Sivori, who scored six "corkers" during the Juventus-Inter match in 1960–61.

The greatest number of penalties given was in 1940–41 (88, of which only 61 reached the back of the net!). Poor Novara went down to the Second Division that season with 12 penalties given against them, and their "record" is only beaten by Bari, who conceded 13 penalties in 1922–23. Needless to say Bari, like Novara, went down to the Second Division. The record number of penalties in a team's favour is shared by Juventus and Roma, who got nine apiece in 1940–41, and by Lazio, who were given the same number in 1942–43.

Roma can boast the least number of goals scored against them during one season. This was 20 in 1935–36, a record which took them to second place in the championship, only one point behind that magnificent Bologna team (which included the legendary Schiavio and Andreolo). Another record held by Roma that year was for the least number of goals scored against on its home ground—only four in 15 matches.

In the 1942–43 season the two Turin teams, Juventus and Torino, both established Formula 16 records: Juventus scored 51 home goals and Torino 31 away. The prize for the number of points scored in home matches goes to Bologna, who, in 1939–40 and 1940–41 scored 28 and 30 home points respectively. The Fiorentina team of 1937–38, however, took the booby. In 15 home games they managed only 11 points, and lost outright seven of those games.

When it comes to draws the Triestina team of 1942–43 vintage were the champs. Out of 30 games they drew 14, seven away and seven at home, and finished next to bottom of the First Division with 24 points (together with Venezia and Bari). Unfortunately, Bari had previously held the record for the maximum number of goals scored against (1940–41). A total of 84 goals reached the back of their net during that season. A strange happening when one considers that they beat the four top teams, Bologna, Fiorentina, Torino, and Ambrosiana, at least once during the season. Our last Formula 16 booby prize goes to Pro Vercelli, who in 1934–35 scored a magnificent total of 21 goals in 30 matches.

A First Division of 16 teams lasted until its reintroduction, from 1934–35 to 1942–43. During those nine seasons 24 teams in all reached or stayed in the top bracket. They were: Juventus, Ambrosiana-Inter, Bologna, Milan, Roma, Lazio, Torino, Triestina, Fiorentina, Napoli, Sampierdareneses (Liguria), Genova 1893, Bari Livorno, Novara, Atalanta, Venezia, Lucchese, Modena, Alessandria, Palermo, Brescia, Vicenza, Pro Vercelli,

Members of the Italian national team pictured as they arrived at London Airport for their World Cup match against Wales. (UPI)

Searching the Soccer Scene with **Arthur Rotmil**

Jekov—leading

BRITISH soccer fans will be able to judge for themselves just how much progress has been made by the former Cinderella of international football, Bulgaria, who visit Wembley to play England on December 11. These countries have never met on their respective home grounds while their solitary encounter on a neutral field during the 1962 World Cup at Rancagua in Chile, ended in an uninspiring goalless draw.

Although England have not yet ventured to Bulgaria, the Wembley visitors were seen here during the last World Cup when they had the misfortune to be drawn in the toughest group of all, with Brazil, Hungary and Portugal. The fans in Liverpool may remember how they lost to Brazil, when two free-kicks, a rocket from Pelé and a fantastic drive by Garrincha made it 0-2, while those in Manchester witnessed a 0-3 defeat by Portugal sparked off by an own-goal and followed by a 1-3 to Hungary, which also included an own-score.

But in the subsequent European Championship the Bulgarians proved that they are no longer the poor relations and nothing illustrates their improvement better than the splendid victory in their qualifying group which they achieved unbeaten in six matches, having conceded only two goals. This included a revenge over Portugal, who were defeated in Sofia and could only draw at home, but each time their famous attack failed to score against Bulgaria! The quarter-finals versus the eventual winners, Italy, were very close indeed. In Sofia, another own-goal presented the visitors with an equaliser while, with the score at 3-1, a late effort by Prati helped the Italians for the return in Naples. On that notorious ground, where no one can win, Bulgaria went out by 2-0 and 3-4 on aggregate.

Yes, Bulgaria have come a long way, especially since their heaviest ever defeat by 0-13 at the hands of Spain in Madrid in 1933. The enthusiasm for football here is second to none and not only confined to the capital city, Sofia—where the most popular team, Levski, play nearly all their league games to capacity crowds—but also in the provinces. The town of Tolbuchin, for instance, has a population of 57,000 but draws 35,000 paying customers, whilst Plovdiv, pop. 80,000, can boast of 40,000 gates.

The national side is managed by Dr. Stefan Bojkov, the former right-half and captain of CDNA (now CSKA) as well as the national team, who holds some 50 caps and who spent a considerable time coaching in Czechoslovakia, as indeed the Czech methods and their experts have always been held in high esteem here, like Rudolf Vytlacil, who led this country to their World Cup qualification. Although soccer has been played here since about 1896, the Bulgarian FA was founded only in 1924 and now controls some 9,000 teams comprising about 115,000 players.

Internationally, the best known club are CSKA, or Red Banner, who have taken part in the European Cup eight times and were semi-finalists in 1967, losing to Inter-Milan only after a play-off in Italy. But perhaps the most staggering improvement is noted in the league's goal averages, which showed the sharpest rise of any in Europe: 0.82, as compared with the previous year and with 3.16 goals per match overhauled England's First Division (3.02)!

The current season is marked by the exploits of Bulgaria's "Footballer of the Year", Peter Jekov (24), who was leading scorer with 31 goals last term with FC Beroe and now changed to CSKA for whom he had already hit 14 goals in the first eight league games, before the programme was suspended for six weeks because of the Olympic tournament, in which Bulgaria finished runners-up to Hungary. Another certainty for Wembley is inside-left Dimiter Yakimov, perhaps their most accomplished player, and we may also see centre-forward Georgi "Gundi" Asparoukhov, the golden boy of Bulgarian soccer, though less conspicuous recently, following a series of injuries.

Other capable performers are forwards Bonev, Kotkov and Dermendjiev and it is significant to note that all the forwards I mentioned with the exception of Asparoukhov are, at the time of writing, heading the league's scoring charts. In defence Bulgaria will rely on the experienced Penev, Gaganelov, Zhechev (the man who "stopped" Pelé) and the ski-ing champion, Shalamanov.

Can the Bulgarians—who incidentally are delighted and proud over the Wembley invitation—surprise England? Well, perhaps not, but whatever happens I feel hopeful that they will at least live up to their traditional qualities such as superb athletic condition, determination, moral values and the finest sporting spirit.

Hungarian rhapsody . . .

The smallest hand of my Omega automatic watch pointed to the 45th second of the game between England and Hungary as Nandor Hidegkuti, having picked up a throw-in from right-winger Laszlo Budai, advanced three-four paces, looked up briefly and slammed an unstoppable cross-shot past the groping fingers of 'keeper Gil Merrick, to put the visitors one up.

This was the sensational prelude to that historic match on a grey November day 15 years ago, when the legend of England's invincibility against foreign opponents at home, perished forever on that famous Wembley turf. A crowd of 100,000 watched stupefied as the alleged "professors" of soccer were given a lesson in tactics, technique and accurate shooting by the cherry red-shirted "pupils", whose names they couldn't pronounce and in any case most of whom they had never heard of.

What personalities they had in their ranks! There was the "Galloping Major" Ferenc Puskas, whose goal (the third) is still talked about as the most fantastic ever seen at Wembley. There was the gipsy Sandor Kocsis, perhaps the greatest header of a ball in the world, the fleet-footed Zoltan Czibor and the immaculate Joszef Bozsik. But shining like a priceless jewel among this galaxy of stars was the balding, hunch-shouldered and tantalising Nandor Hidegkuti. Playing a withdrawn role, never seen before in this country from a man with a number 9 on his back, he introduced a new tactical concept to the game.

It bemused and demoralised the English defence—and centre-half Harry Johnston in particular—to such an extent, that Hungary sailed to a 6-3 triumph while Hidegkuti helped himself to a hat-trick, the only one so far from a foreign player on an English ground in an international.

Forget the stories that Brazil invented 4-2-4. The Hungarians played it years before them only no one thought of calling it by those numbers. With their left-half Zakarias fulfilling a defensive role and Hidegkuti linking up in midfield with Bozsik, the Magyars played a prototype of

GEORGI ASPAROUKHOV.

4-2-4 since the 1952 Olympics in fact. And it brought them an astonishing series of 32 consecutive internationals without defeat, plus world-wide acclaim as the greatest national side of all time.

I shall always remember the gasps of astonishment in the hushed Wembley audience each time they advanced on the strangely static English defenders, the oh, so slow Ramsey, the timid Eckersley, and the "lost in space" Johnston, grotesquely clad in their long baggy pants, outsize sleeves and upturned flapping collars, and even Billy Wright's blond, wavy hair

scorer

seemed to stand on end, amid the havoc created by the magical Magyars.

What happened at Wembley on that fateful afternoon is, of course, past history now, but ...

. . . and lesson

... the Hungarian demonstration was not lost on English football, which, at that period had reached a state best described as of acute stagnation. Of course, after another walloping by Hungary this time to the tune of 7-1 in Budapest a year later, it still took some time to swallow and digest the unpalatable truth that the erstwhile masters of soccer were no longer the world's leading nation. At last the legislators, coaches, club officials and players began to look towards Europe and the rest of the world for new ideas.

Suddenly, after 90 years of fumbling and improvisation accompanied by derision of everything foreign, England's soccer community and its faithful followers actually wanted to play like the once-despised Continentals. Numerous teams tried to copy the Hungarians and their withdrawn centre-forward, as in the "Revie-plan", for example, whilst the players were fitted out in smart, body-clinging jerseys, mini-shorts —once laughed at by the Wembley fans when Argentina played there in 1951 and modern, streamlined footwear.

Floodlights, which existed in South America and some European countries in the early 1930s (even in little Belgium!) became fashionable on English grounds ... 20 years later. The ignorant cries from the terraces of "get stuck in" were replaced by the sophisticated "play football" and even the parochial Football League, who prevented Chelsea from participating in the European Cup of 1955, were forced to give way a year later. Many clubs bought all-white strips because the players wanted to look like Real Madrid, so successful in the 'fifties.

Now, even some goalkeepers wear a number 1 on their back, just like the Continentals, and they are no longer challenged physically by bustling forwards. English coaches, especially my friend Mr. Ron Greenwood of West Ham, began to improve their players' technique and notably ball control, realising at last that weight-lifting, running and other body-building exercises were not enough. But perhaps the most astounding revolutionary measure was the introduction of substitutes for so long rejected and despised as a foreign method of cheating or a sign of weakness.

Yes, the transformation of English football since that Hungarian eye-opener has been the most staggering event of the last decade and clearly speeded up by the European Cup competitions. I believe that all these factors combined, have helped England to their World Cup success in 1966.

Watch Chelsea!

Switzerland's record champions, Grasshoppers, who boast 15 league titles, have engaged an advertising agency in order to "sell" the team to the public. Despite their glorious past the club are not enjoying the popularity accorded, for example, to their fierce local rivals, FC Zürich, who consistently draw larger crowds.

The management of Grasshoppers feel the need for advertising, like a circus, variety shows or an ice revue, which are classed as public entertainment. But football, well, perhaps commercially speaking the game also demands launching like a product which must be praised and boosted before it can be sold.

The agency will now sound the big drum just like for detergents, refrigerators or vacuum cleaners. Are they going to find the right slogans, I wonder, together with the accompanying music no doubt? Just imagine this happening in this country.

For instance: "Chelsea forwards shoot harder than any other. Chelsea defenders leap highest of all. Chelsea half-backs run faster than any known half-backs. See the astonishing, unbeatable Chelsea goalkeeper. Only Chelsea play the most beautiful soccer in the world, so smooth and gentle, too." Here we have a disgruntled football fan. He was listless, bored and depressed until he saw Chelsea. It changed his life completely. Now he chucks toilet rolls, pennies and bottles at all other teams but never at Chelsea. So don't throw away good money by watching ordinary teams, watch Chelsea—the international passport to football happiness.

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World Soccer's man in America

COLIN JOSE reports

BASED strictly on regular season average attendance, the great soccer experiment in North America is in trouble.

Add in the attendances at international exhibition games, plus other factors such as the upsurge of interest in Atlanta, and there is a faint glimmer of light at the end of a long dark passageway.

This briefly is the picture after "Year Two" in the bid to educate and interest Americans in the world's number one spectator sport.

As much as it is possible to measure success or failure by attendances alone, then on the one hand we see failure, as regular season attendances in all but one city are down on last season, while on the other international exhibition games have been a qualified success, and provide the main hope for the future.

On the whole the situation is both perplexing and enigmatic, with for example the announcement that the Atlanta Chiefs may not operate next season, following closely on a report outlining the tremendous success the club has enjoyed in bringing soccer to Georgia.

Then again, we note that there were 43,002 people in Yankee Stadium, New York, for the Santos-Napoli game, while the home town New York Generals averaged just 3,518 all season. Allowing for the attraction of the first mentioned game this is a big drop considering that the Generals beat Santos three weeks later.

Looking down the list of regular season attendances and comparing them with last season's attendances in the same cities, whether they were in the NPSL or the USA at that time, we see that on paper only two show an increase, while some of the others show a tremendous decrease.

Of the increases only one can claim a true rise, and even then not as large as the figures indicate. The cities concerned are Toronto and New York, but their figures include one doubleheader in each case. Since the twin bills included games in which Santos was the main attraction the inflated figures for these matches cannot be used to indicate a true average.

In the case of Toronto, the official attendance for their match with the Baltimore Bays was 15,514 but the game was followed by Santos v. Napoli. If we delete this fixture we get the true average of 4,620, up 444 on last season.

New York Generals attracted 36,904 for their game with Detroit but this was just a prelude to the Santos v. Benfica encounter, and if we delete this we see that their average was really 3,518 and not 5,605, a decrease of 716 per match on last season.

The biggest success at the gate were Kansas City who did not exist at all last season, but topped both sets of figures this season. Here in order to prevent false optimism it must be pointed out that some attendances were paper figures and this applies not only to Kansas City, but also to a number of other clubs in the league.

Invitation

For their home match with the Dallas Tornado the Kansas City Spurs attracted 13,641, of which 8,000 were boy scouts who attended at the invitation of the club in order to promote the game. Later in the season the same thing applied when all the little league baseball players in the area were invited.

The attendance figures for most cities include a number of people who came disguised as empty seats, or on free passes, but as we have no record of this we must take each city's figure as we have it.

Washington, who occupy second place in the figures, came on with a late season surge which accompanied their battle for first place in the Atlantic Division with the Atlanta Chiefs, and although their average is down on last season, it is a good figure on which to build.

Vancouver, in third spot, has what is generally accepted as the highest paid attendance on the circuit, while Atlanta in fourth had excellent attendances at exhibition games, however their regular season average showed a decline of over 1,000 per game.

St. Louis, thought to be one of the better soccer cities in the US, was also down, this time over 2,000 and even when the atten-

TONY LECCE, now playing centre-back in Canada's 4-2-4 formation. Results of Canada's matches against the USA appear on pages 46 and 47.

SOCCER IN TROUBLE . . .

dance of 20,116 for the game with Santos is added in it still does not match last season's figure.

Cleveland, despite their success on the field, dropped over a thousand; Baltimore, who did not have a good season on the field, dropped over 2,000, while Boston, who had a bad season results-wise (just as they did last season), showed a decline of just under two hundred, and that seems to indicate a solid core of support.

The figure for Detroit includes an attendance of 11,097 for their game with San Diego, which is away above anything else they enjoyed all season. This was the only Detroit home game to be televised, and even though it was blacked out in that area it would seem that the attendance was padded a little for the benefit of TV.

Astonishing

As champions of the Western Conference, San Diego cannot be very happy with an average of just 3,852, 12th best in the league, while last year's champions, the Oakland Clippers, had excellent attendances for their exhibition games, but very poor attendances for regular season matches, particularly in view of their fine end of the season form.

The biggest drop was in Houston, who averaged an astonishing 19,803 for their six USA games last season, but only 3,224 this season.

Earlier in the season I spoke to the business manager of the Houston Stars, Joe Echelle, on this matter and he said: "Last season we had to promote just six games over a short season, and therefore we could go full out on each one. Now this season we have 16 to promote over a longer period of time, and so cannot spend the same amount of money on each game."

Mr. Echelle continued: "The club is interested in seeing how many real soccer fans there are in Houston and feel that our attendances indicate just this. From this basic 3,000 we must build."

Asked if the people attending soccer in the Texas city were of American or European origin he replied: "We have very few immigrants in Houston and our fans are Americans."

The figures for Dallas who were at a definite disadvantage, both in having a very poor team and a stadium on the outskirts of the city, also included a paper attendance for a televised game. In this case it was 7,600 for the game with the Oakland Clippers.

In the October edition of WORLD SOCCER Arthur Rotmil described how the Chicago Mustangs attracted their first 3,000-plus attendance of the season, and but for promotions such as this many of the attendance figures listed in the adjoining table would be much lower.

Chicago's average of just 2,353 is shocking for a city of that size, as is the 2,269 at Los Angeles, both cities with large ethnic populations whose teams had good seasons.

Since beginning to write this it has been announced that the Vancouver Royals are pulling out of the loop, and this indeed is a serious blow to soccer in North America. As I pointed out earlier, the Royals had what was regarded as the highest paid attendance in the league, and this in the smallest city, population-wise.

It is hard to imagine any soccer league on this continent without Vancouver as a member, and now that the present ownership of the club has pulled out, it is not unlikely that one of the other franchises that is not doing so well where it is, will move there.

The NASL held a meeting on November 1 at which time it should have been possible to get some idea of the shape the league will take next season, if indeed it operates at all.

Kansas City seems likely to continue, along with Washington, New York, St. Louis, Toronto, Cleveland, Oakland, Dallas and Chicago. With Detroit and Vancouver already having announced their withdrawal, and Boston and Baltimore expected to any day, this leaves Atlanta, San Diego, Houston and Los Angeles in the doubtful category.

At the same meeting it was hoped to select the man who will take the place of Dick Walsh as commissioner.

As I write, three men are in the running: Dick Cecil, vice-president of the Atlanta Chiefs, who was elected "Executive of the Year"; Bill Cox, vice-president of the St. Louis Stars; and Clive Toye.

Toye, who was general manager of the Baltimore Bays and "Executive of the Year" last year, resigned just recently.

IRIS DE BRITO, Brazilian-born centre-forward, leading scorer for Toronto with 21 goals in 24 games this season.

Commenting on his decision he said: "I believe soccer has a future in North America and I intend to be part of that future. My decision has nothing to do with the decision soon to be taken on the future of the Bays."

In the months ahead the North American Soccer League will undoubtedly make many statements as to what we can expect for next season, and shortly afterwards will change them.

If one thing is certain about the NASL and the future of soccer on the North American continent, it is its uncertainty.

Play-off figures not included in the table

Semi-finals

Cleveland 1, Atlanta 1	3,431
Atlanta 2, Cleveland 1	6,645
Kansas City 1, San Diego 1	5,042
San Diego 1, Kansas City 1	6,271

Finals

San Diego 0, Atlanta 0	9,360
Atlanta 3, San Diego 0	14,994

ATTENDANCES

	Exhibition + Regular 1968						1967		
	Total Games			Regular Games			Regular Games		
Teams	GP	Total	Average	GP	Total	Average	GP	Total	Average
Kansas City	19	166,278	8,751	16	129,051	8,065	–	—	—
Washington	18	126,492	7,027	17	106,303†	6,253	6	46,956	7,826
Vancouver	19	116,109	6,111	16	94,393	5,899	6	42,113	7,019
Atlanta	19	165,632	8,717	16	89,992	5,620	15	104,426	6,962
New York	18	121,845	6,769	16	89,680*	5,605	16	67,749	4,234
St. Louis	17	106,970	6,292	16	86,854	5,428	16	121,809	7,613
Toronto	—	—	—	16	84,548*	5,284	16	66,817	4,176
Cleveland	17	85,479	5,028	16	69,274	4,329	6	36,501	6,048
Baltimore	—	—	—	16	64,944	4,059	16	101,397	6,506
Boston	17	82,127	4,831	16	63,696	3,981	6	25,025	4,171
Detroit	—	—	—	15	62,425‡	3,901	6	34,247	5,708
San Diego	17	65,584	3,857	16	61,634	3,852	–	—	—
Oakland	19	125,043	6,581	16	56,757	3,547	16	80,909	5,057
Houston	—	—	—	16	51,598	3,224	6	118,816	19,803
Dallas	—	—	—	16	46,142	2,883	6	55,358	9,226
Chicago	17	43,054	2,532	16	37,654	2,353	6	25,239	4,206
Los Angeles	—	—	—	16	36,318	2,269	6	46,660	7,776

* Includes attendances for double headers. † Includes replayed game.
‡ Detroit-Atlanta game not played.

PALMEIRAS v. MANCHESTER UNITED WOULD HAVE BEEN A BETTER GAME

CLUB FOCUS

from ERIC WEIL

PALMEIRAS of Sao Paulo (Brazil), finalists in the last South American Club Championship, or any of at least half a dozen stronger Brazilian teams, would have produced better games with Manchester United for the Inter-Continental Cup. Palmeiras weren't far off it as they took Estudiantes de La Plata to three games in the South American final which proved to be the best and the cleanest in the whole competition.

I mentioned Palmeiras in a survey of Brazilian soccer in WORLD SOCCER recently and how Brazil's system of classifying teams for the South American competition was not designed to bring in the strongest entrants. Palmeiras had won the Sao Paulo State League in 1966 which qualified them to play in the Brazil (KO) Cup the following year. They had the easier part of the draw while Santos, in the other half, had to field many reserves in a vital game and were knocked out. Palmeiras thus had a comparatively easy passage to win the cup which qualified them for this year's South American Cup, but they were by now well below their 1966 peak.

When I wrote about Palmeiras, they were fourth in the Sao Paulo League, but then slipped slowly down the table. Alfredo Gonzalez, a member of the club, was hired as coach not long before the start of the South American Cup (he has now been replaced). Gonzalez, an Argentine who had played and coached in Brazil where he had already taken different teams to 19 championships, is a firm believer in good football, but he took over a demoralised squad, slipping just as they were about to enter their most important tournament ever. On top of it, several players had to be thrown out because of lack of discipline, an outstanding defender, Djalma Dias, among them, and Gonzalez had only 17 professionals to enter on his list for the South American Championship. Among them there were certainly many good ball players, but there was also an amount of dissatisfaction about their maximum US $200 per month salary.

The South American Cup meant more money, however, and acted like a spur to the players. As expected. Palmeiras had no difficulty at all getting through the first round group in which they faced the other Brazilian entrants, the weak Nautico Recife, and the two Venezuelan teams. The second round group against Universidad Catolica (Chile) and Guarani (Paraguay) was also not too difficult, although the Paraguayan wonder team was the only one to beat them, apart from Estudiantes.

With such a small playing staff it was, however, impossible to go all out in the league as well. Some games had to be postponed, others were lost and Palmeiras finished the season bottom of the Sao Paulo League with 11 games pending. These were played off at the rate of one every two days, but even then Palmeiras picked up only just enough points to escape bottom place.

Required

Palmeiras showed their real worth only in the South American Cup. Technically they revealed nothing new, but they had what was required to play good football, namely good footballers with a will to play and no thought ever of defending either to maintain a lead or play for a draw away from home.

Their formation showed nothing new either. The classical four-man defence, although difficult to beat in their zone or in the air, was their weak point and perhaps one reason why for them attack was the best form of defence. The defence marked zones rather than individually, but was nevertheless prone to crack against fast, inter-changing forwards—which is what happened in their vital game against Estudiantes.

The middle-line, with their outstanding player, Adhemir da Guia, is the strongest part of the team. They plug loop-holes in their defence, but only when the other team attacks. Otherwise they play virtually as forwards. They transport play quickly from one end to the other and rarely hang on to the ball as is so common in South America.

The forwards, all excellent ball-players, continually inter-change positions intelligently, don't waste time and have one object in view during the whole match—scoring, which, if logical, nevertheless made them stand out from other teams in the cup.

In fact, Palmeiras played typically Brazilian football and perhaps only needed a Pelé to win the cup. The team's captain, Jose Ferrari, was of the opinion, however, that his side's strength was due to having no stars and although he had to admit that Adhemir da Guia was an outstanding player, he wasn't much better than the rest. I beg to differ.

Of their recognised first team, goalie VALDIR, a real athlete, made some incredible saves with agile leaps on the goal-line, but he wasn't too safe when he had to come out; BALDOCCHI, a centre-back,

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South American Cup Finalists, Palmeiras. Standing, left to right: Scalera, Valdir, Osmar, Baldocchi, Dudu, Ferrari. Kneeling: Singue, Tupazinho, Servilio, Adhemir da Guia, Rinaldo

tall and athletic, stays in his area and seldom anticipates play, but he is safe in his zone and virtually unbeatable in the air; OSMAR, the other centre-back, was the weakest spot of the team as he marked badly, lacked decision and often went up leaving a loop-hole behind him; FERRARI, right-wing marker who knows his job perfectly and often helps out to cover up mistakes of other defenders; DJALMA SANTOS, left-wing marker, 39 years old but still incredibly agile, makes use of his vast experience where his legs fail him; DUDU, useful half, who, if not keen on risking much in attack, nevertheless supplies deep precision passes and defends well; DA GUIA, outstanding half who plays all over the field where he is needed most and is the team's brain, a great ball player and fast; SINGUE, half or forward, whose dribbling and ball-control mix up the best defences; TUPAZINHO, good ball control, excellent goal sense, hard shot, fast and very difficult to mark as he continually switches positions; SERVILIO, big strong centre-forward, not an outstanding player, but useful as he continually worries defences and also difficult to mark; RINALDO, left wing, with strong shot who often fetches the ball from defensive positions, but I didn't see him in top form.

Palmeiras showed that good soccer wasn't dead, not even in vital games.

The semi-finals showed a marked contrast and first focused attention on Palmeiras—representatives of the Italian community who started under the name of Palestra Italia.

While the two Argentine semi-finalists, Estudiantes de La Plata and Racing, were "battling" it out in Buenos Aires and having four men each sent off in their three meetings, Palmeiras beat favoured Peñarol (Uruguay) 1-0 at Sao Paulo in a good game and then went to Montevideo for the second leg without any ideas of defending their lead. Although Peñarol scored first to level the aggregate, Palmeiras deservedly won 2-1 to go into the final simply because they had played better football. Peñarol players were entirely responsible for incidents towards the end of the game. The one-time world champions found defeat difficult to take.

Informed

The South American final games with Estudiantes were described in earlier issues of WORLD SOCCER. Let it suffice to say that although Estudiantes junior coach, Urriolabeitia, who went to run the rule over the Brazilians (just as he did with Manchester United), informed that Palmeiras played a good team game, but lacked continuity, while the Argentine press gave the opinion that Palmeiras would be very hard to beat by "playing" football against them, but not if Estudiantes used their usual methods to intimidate them. The three final games were the best in the competition. There was some fast-flowing football of the highest class and few stoppages which at last showed that Estudiantes were a good footballing team if they wanted to be.

Each club won its home leg deservedly. The second game, at Sao Paulo, spelt Estudiantes' heaviest defeat in the tournament (3-1) and left them uneasy about the decider at Montevideo. Goal aggregate favoured Palmeiras who would thus win the cup in the event of a draw after extra time. But Estudiantes were in top form on the day, while Palmeiras had played better games.

Estudiantes' 2-0 win took them to face Manchester United for the "world title". If it had been Palmeiras, the result would certainly have been much better and cleaner football and perhaps a win for the Brazilians also.

SWISS NEWSLETTER

GREECE BEATEN

FOR the first time in the history of Swiss football, stretching over 43 years, the national side played three consecutive matches without conceding a goal. Following the 0-0 with West Germany and the 1-0 against Austria, another success over Greece, also by 1-0, was the most valuable as it counted for the World Cup qualifying group one.

This performance, however, was far from satisfying although the visitors put up a much better show than expected and only their ineptitude in front of goal prevented them from taking at least a point away.

The strangest aspect of the present Swiss XI, is, that despite unconvincing displays, the missing of chances and fading towards the close they somehow manage to squeeze a success. We have seen much better play from Swiss sides in the past—who lost, while this outfit has kept us in suspense—to win! The Greeks were an unknown quantity providing this country with their 36th international partner. Before a crowd of 38,000 at the St. Jakob stadium in Basle, the hosts enjoyed a better first half but then inexplicably surrendered the initiative, as if resting on their one-goal lead. This came after 21 minutes when Köbi Kuhn, celebrating his 25th birthday, dribbled past two men and centred into the area where Vuilleumier cleverly stepped over the ball, allowing the alert Quentin to fire home from 10 yards.

During the Greeks' period of pressure, Grob made some fine saves and is now unbeaten in 277 minutes of international football. The game was extremely clean and only 17 fouls—almost equally split 9-8—were given by Dutch referee Boogaerts. But the Swiss will clearly have to do much better if they are to survive in this group where Portugal appear to have the best chance whilst Rumania will also have their say. Team: Grob; Ramseier, Tacchella, Michaud, P. Stierli; Dürr, Kuhn; Vuilleumier, Odermatt, Künzli, Quentin. Six minutes from time the injured Odermatt was replaced by newcomer Ueli Guggisberg, 21, of Young Boys.

Switzerland's full international record now reads:

P	W	D	L	F	A
329	91	56	182	530	813

In the championship, FC Zürich took the lead on goal average thanks to a great 5-1 victory over pacemakers Lausanne, who found no answer to the hosts' power play in attack where Künzli hit a superb hat-trick to head once again the scoring charts. With Chaux-de-Fonds, Young Boys and Basle breathing down the necks of the top two, the battle for honours promises to be as exciting as last season.

Swiss teams had a disastrous season in European tournaments, all five failing at the first hurdle. In the Champions' trophy Zürich fell unexpectedly to the modest Danish amateurs of Akademisk, while in the Cup Winners' Cup Lugano went out to Barcelona. In the Fairs', Basle lost to Bologna, Lausanne to Juventus and Grasshoppers to Napoli.

Leading goalscorers: Künzli (Zürich) 10, Hosp (Lausanne), Peters (Biel) and Richard (Chaux-de-Fonds) 8.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Zürich	8	5	2	1	27	8	12
Lausanne	8	6	0	2	27	16	12
Chaux-de-Fonds	8	4	2	2	24	16	10
Young Boys	8	4	2	2	18	13	10
Basle	8	4	2	2	14	10	10
Lugano	8	4	0	4	11	8	8
Grasshoppers	8	3	2	3	18	17	8
Servette	8	3	2	3	14	15	8
Bellinzona	8	3	2	3	9	11	8
Sion	8	3	1	4	17	22	7
Winterthur	8	2	2	4	8	17	6
Biel	8	1	3	4	17	26	5
St. Gallen	8	1	2	5	8	18	4
Lucerne	8	1	2	5	8	23	4

ARTHUR ROTMIL

NEW ZEALAND

Welcome World Cup Respite

by BILL STUART

BESET by selection and training problems, suffering from insufficient match practice and somewhat befuddled by a poor record in their few home internationals this year New Zealand were fortunate and not a little relieved when a FIFA review of the Asian zone draw for the 1970 World Cup preliminaries left them with a year's breathing space.

Despite suggestions by the participants for groupings of neighbouring countries, the FIFA meeting in Mexico during the Olympic Games confirmed the original draw. This splits the Asian group into two preliminary sections. New Zealand are in with North Korea, the minor heroes of the 1966 World Cup finals, and Israel. These three will play off their double matches against each other in Israel in October 1969. Under the suggested amended draw by the participating Asian countries New Zealand would have met Australia late this year.

The other Asian section made up of Australia, Rhodesia, Japan and South Korea, will probably stage its matches also in October 1969 in Japan.

The winners of each section will then meet to find the Asian representatives in the final 16 at Mexico.

This will be New Zealand's first venture into World Cup football and if they are to make any showing at all the year's respite will have to be used wisely to clear away the present divided national responsibility and undertake the planning and execution of a concerted World Cup training and match programme to lead up to that date in Israel.

To get back to this year, the New Zealand team have played only three matches, all at home. Yet the New Zealand FA mysteriously refused an invitation to take part in the annual Merdeka tournament, which was held in Malaysia in August and won by Malaysia, whom New Zealand beat 8-2 in Malaysia last year. Thus a great chance was missed to gain some international recognition for New Zealand at football. Annual participation in this prestige Asian tournament should be an essential part of any future plans.

As it was in June the national team lost 3-0 to the touring Cardiff City club, in September a much remodelled side beat Fiji 5-0, and then surprisingly slumped to go down 3-1 to New Caledonia who a couple of days earlier had lost by the same score to the Auckland provincial XI.

New Zealand "double" international Vic Pollard (facing camera) practises heading with colleague Malcolm Ferguson. Pollard is also the New Zealand cricket vice-captain. (Stewart)

Insufficient match preparation and selectorial squabbles have not helped the New Zealand performance in 1968. The selected team has never had more than one or two days pre-match training under national coach Juan Schwanner. Likewise the team to play Cardiff was picked without his attendance at the discussions of the three national selectors and the winning team against Fiji was altered against his advice for the encounter with New Caledonia.

It is likely that this (southern) summer Schwanner, who is a full time coach, will be given sole responsibility for national selection, preparation and performances, or leave the scene—and New Zealand cannot afford to lose a soccer tactician of his talents. Ironically the majority of people in New Zealand football favour the one-man-boss approach for the national team, and favour Schwanner getting the appointment — except the NZFA national councillors who hesitate to dispense with the outdated three-man panel system.

Among the newcomers to national honours this year has been Vic Pollard, the vice-captain of the New Zealand cricket team, who could have a bright future in football but whose first allegiance will probably always be to the summer sport.

An even more meteoric rise to prominence has come the way of 20-year-old Auckland defensive sweeper John Staines, who only arrived in this country from England 18 months ago. Last year Staines was hard put to hold a regular place with his club Eastern Suburbs. This year he has won a Chatham Cup winners medal (the national club knock-out competition and the most prized trophy in the country) with Suburbs and gained Auckland, Northern League and national honours as well as being voted "Footballer of the Year" by the press.

A particular Schwanner forte is spotting and developing promising youngsters. Among those he has brought along in the past couple of years have been 21-year-old goalkeeper Nev Siebert, of Auckland (who may be switching to Australia), 20-year-old full-backs Colin Latimour, of Auckland, and Graham Davies, of Christchurch, 19-year-old centre-half Malcolm Ferguson, of Dunedin, 18-year-old Brian Turner, now with Chelsea, and 20-year-old centre or wing-forward Earl Thomas, of Auckland.

Hungarian - born Schwanner likes to concentrate on New Zealanders, born or bred, but next year two relative newcomers from England may figure largely in his plans. They are Malcolm Bland, who in his teens was with Liverpool and Crewe Alexandra, who is now playing for Gisborne City in the Central League, and young schoolmaster Terry Francis who, before taking up his professional studies full-time, had a spell with Hartlepools United.

Francis is moving to Gisborne in his job next year and will turn out for the City team. His uncanny understanding with Bland will give the Gisbornites the punch up front they lacked in the season just ended and could well carry the duo into the national limelight.

The New Zealand record has been: **New Zealand 0, Cardiff City 3** (B. Clark 2, P. King). **New Zealand 5** (C. Shaw 3, N. Haydon, J. Legg), **Fiji 0. New Zealand 1** (P. Breslin), **New Caledonia 3** (Hoko 2, W. Hmeun).

The only players to figure in all three matches were full-back Colin Latimour, of Auckland, link player Dave Wallace, of Wellington, who succeeded to the captaincy after the retirement of Tom McNab, of Auckland after the Cardiff match, and outside-left John Legg, of Auckland. Hardly team building style!

Colin Shaw, of Auckland, was unable to fulfil his usual centre-forward role against Cardiff because of injury. Other players who look booked for World Cup consideration next year include Terry Haydon, Pollard and Davis of Canterbury, Ferguson of Dunedin, Steve Bruce of Wellington and Siebert, Staines, Thomas, Ray Mears and Billy de Graaf of Auckland.

CONGRATULATIONS!

says LESLIE VERNON

WELL done, Hungary! Ten Gold Medals would be a respectable haul for any country, but for one with a total population of just under 12 million, it was a miraculous achievement. "Ten" seems to be a magic number for the Hungarians, they won exactly the same amount of "firsts" in the Berlin, London and Tokyo Olympics!

Nine out of the ten deserve all the superlatives a journalist can pull out of the bag, but the football "triumph" had a hollow ring about it. Months before the tournament, I criticised the selectors for not picking the best possible players for the gigantic task ahead.

Now, Mr. Soos and Co. have been proved right, not because they won, but because almost any selection would have been good enough to clinch the title. It was obvious that none of the other "possibles" bothered to field their best teams—Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria actually played important World Cup matches at the same time as the Games.

Out of the more or less genuine amateur countries, only the hosts, Mexico, and Japan posed any real threat, but as the Hungarians gradually acclimatised to the altitude and to the other relevant factors, the final destination of the trophy became inevitable. Eleven Gold Medals for the players, plus the prestige value, if any, of the victory, go on the credit side of the balance sheet, while the loss of Zoltan Varga, and the scandalous Final match go on the debit side.

Last straw

Varga's defection is a sad blow to Hungarian football, he is a brilliant player now, and could have developed into another Puskas. I feel that his fatal decision was not motivated by political considerations, but rather that he felt frustrated in the football sense. In recent interviews, he complained bitterly about the lack of ambition of his fellow internationals, and the outdated way Hungarian coaches operate. The goal-less draw against Leeds might have been the last straw for the over-sensitive Varga.

ZOLTAN VARGA

He must have convinced himself that if he stayed with Ferencvaros, he would never be able to get past players like Jackie Charlton. I believe his first port-of-call was New York, because he was under the impression that there was still a "pirate" league in existence there. Now Varga is suspended for two years by the Hungarians, but I think the FIFA will grant him permission to play after 12 months—probably in West Germany or Spain.

Before Varga's departure, the Hungarian forward line was described as consisting of a "conductor without an orchestra". After the "conductor" had gone, the "orchestra" got together somehow (I thought they should have called up Albert!) and with a Szucs hat-trick and a couple of Novak penalties, beat Japan convincingly in the semi-final.

The Final was a tragedy for football! The watching millions in every country of the world were told that this would be a match between the two finest teams "shamateurism" could produce. Instead of a reasonably exciting game of football, which was well within the capabilities of the players taking part, we had to endure 90 minutes of tedium, relieved only by the farcical cushion throwing. A great opportunity for propagating the game was squandered, because of the lunatic behaviour of the Bulgarians.

The Hungarians did not earn any admiration either for their "sleep-walking" football, which culminated in the stupid foul committed by Juhasz. He must have known that after the wholesale dismissal of the Bulgarians, the slightest offence by a Hungarian player would receive the same harsh punishment.

Incidentally, retribution was swift for the offenders—Anatasse Christov, who bombarded the referee's head with the ball, has been suspended for a year from international football; the other three, Dimitrov, Ivkov and Juhasz, have been banned from two international matches. Not to appear entirely unenthusiastic and unappreciative, I'd like to congratulate Dr. Karoly Lakat, who led his team for the second time running to an Olympic victory, and the players, who, after all, went through six matches undefeated. Well played! Bravo! and all that, but after this fiasco, football in the Olympic Games should be discontinued.

During the Games, the league programme was at a standstill, and most clubs made short tours abroad, keeping the players fit, and earning a few shekels at the same time. The so-called "Olympic Cup" organised in order to provide some sort of live football for the spectators, was a complete flop. The attendances were abysmally low, and the competing teams did not overexert themselves either. The whole thing fizzled out, and if anybody tells me who won it—I'll let you know!

On the other hand, the legislators of the game were busy in their offices, drawing-up plans for the future. Vasas Budapest, Tatabanya and Honved will represent Hungary in the Central European Cup this season, competing against four Yugoslav teams, and three each from Italy, Austria and Czechoslovakia.

The Hungarian Cup will have a new look as from next year. In the future, the Division I outfits will not get involved until the later stages, and as I previously suggested, the Final will be played in November.

"Over-long"

As for the winter-break—the "over-long" tours of recent years are out. There will be a complete ban on football for six weeks after the end of the present league campaign. Between January 27 and February 15, the international squad will go on yet another tour of South America, and the clubs can also tour if they wish to do so. Next year's league battles start on February 23, but there will be a great concentration on the forthcoming World Cup qualifying matches.

The players selected will work together for two days *every week*, and there will be eight days' "training camp" preparations before the actual matches. The much applauded Hungarian "Old-boys" team, consisting of such players as Bozsik, Hidegkuti and Sandor, would like to invite a similar selection of veterans from England for a match in the Nepstadium. This game would be played next spring in order to commemorate the 15th anniversary of the Hungary 7, England 1 game!

If England accepts, Billy Wright and Co. would have a great chance for a belated revenge!

ON REFLECTION BY DAVID MILLER

SCOTLAND are going to have to labour hard to qualify for the World Cup finals: England are lucky not to have to. These were the conclusions to be drawn from the first matches of consequence for the two home countries this season, when they met Austria and Rumania in the first week in November. Scotland won their opening qualifying tie at Hampden 2-1 against Austria, England hobbled to a draw, goalless need one say, with Rumania in the friendly in Bucharest. And neither match did anything positive for either, but merely underlined their separate and easily identifiable problems. Having seen the Hampden match, I must confine myself primarily to that.

With a blast of trumpets from the press north of the border, "the best Scottish team for years"—to use one of the many claims made for the side before the match—went out to destroy a moderate Austrian team which had already lost to West Germany, and nearly suffered a humiliating defeat. That the Scots won concealed, of course, any deficiency that might have been sensed by the public. Victory of any kind, by whatever means, is all sweetness to them at present. Qualification is seen almost as an end in itself, such is the disillusionment with performances in the last two competitions. Yet it was clear, even in victory, that Scotland have learned little over recent years, in spite of the fact that the last World Cup was played on their doorstep.

Against an obviously weaker side, they went out to attack from the start. This they did, and were a goal down within three minutes. That in itself would be fatal against better teams than Austria. Fortunately Scotland managed to equalise through Law within five minutes. Yet they still left huge gaps at the back for the rest of the match—not only while they were striving for the winning goal, *but even after they had got it.* It was a performance tactically remarkable for its short-sightedness. Not only did Austria four times come within a fraction of snatching the lead again, but were allowed to have the chance of saving the game in the last few minutes. A draw would have ruined Scotland's prospects in the group—not irreparably, it is true—yet here was the side trying to increase the margin of their win, when what they should have been trying to do was preserve it at all costs. They had lived on the brink of disaster throughout the match, but did not seem to sense the danger right up to the final whistle. It was as if they were out there to *entertain*, and it was difficult to believe a modern team could be so naive.

BILLY BREMNER of Scotland. (U)

One of the fallacies of Scottish thinking is exposed in the notion that this was the best team, the idea being that here was the best 11 players, selected position by position, as England teams used to be selected in the past, with not much thought as to how they might react collectively. Now I have a great liking for Bobby Brown, a far more personable, amiable man than Sir Alf Ramsey, always ready to talk and discuss his problems as he sees them. Yet it seems to me a serious fault that Brown should not have been more conscious of the danger his team had of exposure at the back. He had attacking wingers, Johnstone and Hughes; attacking link-men, Bremner and Cooke; attacking full-backs, Gemmell and McCreadie. Was it therefore any surprise that McKinnon and Greig were often caught without cover, that the defence as a whole was often actually *outnumbered* in one of Austria's rapid and perceptive breakaways? Such a situation is almost unheard of in contemporary football.

Even 4-2-4 itself must be considered an attacking formation in the context of World Cup soccer, and then one of the full-backs has always to be playing deep when the play is on the other side of the field. Only with a 4-4-2 or 1-4-2-3 set-up can one afford to have consistent overlapping by the full-backs. Surely Scotland should know by now that playing long through-balls into space for strikers already lying up-field is old hat; that any experienced defence will contain a line of four front runners; that the greater danger now comes from suddenly pushing through players from deep unmarked positions to support a front man who is not trying to carry the ball but anchor a defender. Certainly Johnstone nearly got through more than once, he and Cooke both hit the bar and post. But these were incidental, fringe benefits, worth noting in the event when balanced against a fundamentally vulnerable formation. There must be distinction between fun and function. For the next tie in Nicosia Brown must surely bring in another midfield player at the expense of Hughes or Johnstone, possibly Green; find an alternative to the fading Law; and another full-back if Gemmell has not recovered his touch by then.

But there remains one problem bigger than all the rest, and that is the old matter of Scots temper. Provoked by some early fouling by the Austrian backs on Hughes and Johnstone, Scotland fell into a mood of ugly retaliation that could have resulted in the game being halted like their previous meeting with the Austrians. Cooke, Bremner and Gemmell were guilty of acts of such gross stupidity that it was difficult to credit that they were professional men. This element in the Scots' game is something Brown must stamp out. For if they manage to survive their own follies, not to mention traditional German competence, in the qualifying competition, they will bring a hornets' nest about their ears in Mexico if they indulge in petulant "defence of their manhood", as one Scots critic likes to call it.

BOOK SHELF

Manchester United in Europe, by Roger Macdonald (Pelham Books, 30s.)

Names in football are meteoric—colourful and irresistible in ascent, quickly burning into nothing. Of the modern teams only Manchester United, whose fame stretches the length and breadth of Europe, have sustained a true claim to greatness.

They have achieved it not by absolute supremacy at home in terms of cold figures but by superlative quality of their play, the huge potential of their players. *Manchester United in Europe* tells of these footballers, of Edwards and Taylor, of Crerand and Best, of Law and Bobby Charlton and of their efforts against the *élite* of the Continent.

Spanning the four exciting campaigns of the European Cup is Sir Matt Busby, an inspired manager whose infectious enthusiasm and determination overcame even the terrible disaster of Munich. He has made European football United's medium, a worthy challenge for their prodigious talents. Every European game promises a spectacle; and for United the spectacular is almost the norm.

Roger Macdonald, author of *Britain Versus Europe*, the history of the European Cup, has seen Manchester United meet the best of Europe first as a spectator and later as a journalist. He describes their games both at face-value, as prestige and entertainment, and takes the reader behind the scenes, probing the personalities and tactics. Macdonald began as a freelance writer, has written more than 1,000 sports articles, mainly on football, and is a regular contributor to WORLD SOCCER.

Soccer: The Great Ones, edited by John Arlott (Pelham Books, 30s.)

In the first of these eight studies, Bernard Joy deals respectfully and enthusiastically with his old Arsenal team-mate Alex James, the tiny Scot with the superb football intelligence. The essay on Tommy Lawton is by Terence Delaney, football historian and critic who, even at the end of Lawton's playing career, used to travel very long distances for the pleasure of watching him.

John Rafferty, experienced soccer correspondent of *The Observer* and *The Scotsman*, writes dramatically and observantly of John Thomson, the brilliant young Celtic goalkeeper who had reached the highest level when he was so tragically killed in a Rangers-Celtic match, and who has become part of the Celtic mythology. The other—Glasgow Rangers—side of the Scottish coin is stamped by Hugh McIlvanney, voted Sports Writer of the Year in 1966, who writes of Willie Woodburn, arguably the finest of all "stopper" centre half-backs.

The task of summing up the long and, by football standards, almost regal career of Sir Stanley Matthews is carried out with observation, thought and in his cool style by Albert Barham of *The Guardian*. The essay of Duncan Edwards, that splendid young man of Manchester United, who died after the Munich crash, has been done with deep sympathy, as well as extensive, first-hand knowledge, by Arthur Walmsley of the *Sun*.

John Charles, surely the greatest footballer Wales has ever produced, is assessed by Tony Pawson, a long-established correspondent for *The Observer*.

Brian Glanville—another name particularly dear to WORLD SOCCER readers—has written widely on many subjects and fields but long and outstanding on football for the *Sunday Times*. He is, as we should expect, pertinent and lively in his study of Danny Blanchflower, for both writer and player are consciously and essentially in tune with today.

Soccer My Battlefield, by Nobby Stiles (Stanley Paul, 21s.)

In British sport there has never been a hero quite like Nobby Stiles. He first captured our imagination in the World Cup with that wild victory jog with the Jules Rimet Trophy. We were on his side not just because he was playing for England but because he became the subject of a war of intimidation by certain overseas officials.

During the fiery, early part of his career, his constant troubles with referees led to suspensions that threatened to finish his career. But he came through this with a new philosophy to football, and went on to become known as one of the best "readers" of the game in the current British soccer scene.

His story takes in the fears and hopes of a professional sportsman, the news behind the news of big moments and big decisions. He tells of Manchester United's tremendous struggles to finally bring the European Cup home for Sir Matt Busby and reveals himself as more of a Manchester United supporter even than a player.

The West Ham United Football Book, edited by Dennis Irving (Stanley Paul, 18s.)

Moore, Hurst and Peters ... stars of England and West Ham, the progressive club from East London dockland with a long reputation for good soccer. Ace coach Ron Greenwood, whose playing career embraced Brentford, Chelsea and Fulham, is only the fourth manager in the long history of West Ham, a family club with a four-man board and supporters who are the most knowledgeable in football.

Under Greenwood's direction, the club have had their fans cheerfully singing the West Ham theme tune "We're forever blowing bubbles" with successes in the European Cup Winners Cup, the FA Cup, the FA Youth Cup and in America in International Soccer League.

The West Ham United Football Book takes a close look at this friendly club, who have spent well over £100,000 on improving facilities for their loyal fans, and features many of the great players who have worn claret and blue shirts. Spotlighting stars of the past ... big Jim Barrett, Len Goulden, Ted Fenton. Recording the achievements of Moore, Hurst, Peters and Co. And looking ahead, through the eyes of Ron Greenwood.

Ure's Truly, by Ian Ure (Pelham Books, 30s.)

In *Ure's Truly*, the Scottish international talks about the seamier side of the game, his stubborn streak, his duels with star players, his fears for Scottish football, and the press. He also tells about Ure the public does not know. How he turned his back on an academic career to gamble his future in football.

Ure's story of his climb to the top is surprisingly honest and if he upset some people on his way, it was necessary.

Maybe this book will upset a few more, but Ure is as fearless in his writing as he is in his play. As he said: "I suppose that's why I land in trouble."

Leaping To Fame, by Peter Bonetti (Stanley Paul, 25s.)

From his vantage point in the Chelsea and England goals, Peter Bonetti has watched the great players of the 1960s in action.

As goalkeeper for his club and country he presents authoritative close-ups of Chelsea during the controversial reign of former manager Tommy Docherty and England during the build-up for World Cup success in 1966.

Now Bonetti, nicknamed "the Cat" as a tribute to his lightning reflexes, recounts his fascinating experiences of soccer round the world. He takes the reader through his formative years as a shy groundstaff boy at Stamford Bridge to the present day when he is acknowledged as one of the game's top players.

Peter Bonetti, the boy born of Swiss parents who admits that ambition is his driving force, has refreshingly bold ideas on the modern game. He poses the question: does loyalty pay off in football? He passes on knowledge gained in his years at the top of the soccer tree. He writes with all the professionalism of a star performer, yet through his story runs the theme of a quiet-living family man.

The Football Man, by Arthur Hopcraft (Collins, 30s.)

Football matters, Arthur Hopcraft says, "as poetry does to some people and alcohol does to others: it engages the personality".

This book is about the compulsion of football—how and why it drives players, managers, directors, referees, fans.

Many of the leading names in modern football are here—George Best, Bobby Charlton, Sir Alf Ramsey, Sir Matt Busby, Don Revie among them—and their characters are vividly explored.

But the book is not just the gallery of heroes. It examines the development of football as an urban passion and as big-business entertainment from the days when it belonged to the English public schoolboys. It looks at football's rewards, tensions, violence—and its tragedies. Its recommendations on the future of the game are clear-cut and convincing.

Football has become part of the British way of life. This stimulating account bites deeply into the varied flavour of the game, whether watching Best on a night out in his white Jaguar, or listening to a bitter manager spelling out the perils of his job, or joining delirious fans stumbling and cursing on the terraces.

● *Continued from page 9*

sible to be too soon in flinging today's Youth stars into First Division football. Young Burnley—the club won last year's FA Youth Cup—are coming good. That's the explanation for Burnley's revival.

The explanation as to *how* they continue producing brilliant youngsters remains their secret—one that Tom Docherty either knows or certainly approves as he sent his son Michael to Turf Moor a couple of years ago to complete his football apprenticeship. Any day now—maybe before this article appears in print—Michael Docherty will come out of his time and get his chance in the First Division.

It could be quite a day for Mr. Alan Ball, manager of Halifax, and Mr. Tommy Docherty, manager of QPR, when Everton with Alan Ball junior and Burnley with Michael Docherty play each other in the First Division.

European Cup Statistics

compiled by ARTHUR ROTMIL

CHAMPIONS CUP

First Round—Second Leg

AC Milan 4
Prati 2 (32, 70), Sormani (62), Rivera (87 pen.).
Malmoe (Sweden) 1
Ljungberg (16).
Milan. Att. 90,000. Ref. Machin (France).

AC Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Rosato (Santin), Maldera, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trapattoni (Fogli); Petrini, Sormani, Rivera, Prati.

Malmoe: Hult; Rol. Andersson, Kristensson, Elmstedt, Bjöeklund; Roy Andersson, Granström; Ljungberg, Olsberg, Szepanski (Jonsson), Tapper.

In a dramatic encounter the Swedes struck first then once again had a goal disallowed, but Milan, superbly organised by Rivera, fought back, carried by a fanatical crowd and the opportunism of Prati.

(Milan won 5-3 on aggregate—received a bye into Round Two).

Akademisk Copenhagen (Den.) 1
Petersen (77).
Zürich (Switzerland) 2
Künzli 2 (73, 85).
Copenhagen. Att. 10,000. Ref. Wright (Eire).

AC: Henriksen; Mölsgaard, J. Larsen, B. Larsen, Yde; Kjärsgaard, Collaitz; Bernburg (Carlsen), Hansen, Petersen, Wiberg.

Zürich: Grob; Münch, Neumann, Leimgruber, X. Stierli (Kyburz); P. Stierli, Kuhn; Winiger, Martinelli, Künzli, Quentin.

Even this fine away victory did not help the Swiss, who lost the tie at home and left it too late here, while the unfancied Danish amateurs displayed tactical cunning far above their status.

(Akademisk won 4-3 on aggregate—will meet AEK Athens).

Glasgow Celtic 4
Gemmell (45 pen.), Craig (60), Chalmers (67), McBride (88).
St. Etienne (France) 0
Glasgow. Att. 75,000. Ref. Vales (Czechoslovakia).

Celtic: Simpson; Craig, McNeill, Brogan, Gemmell; Murdoch, McBride; Johnstone, Chalmers, Wallace, Hughes.

St. Etienne: Carnus; Durkovic, Mitoraj, Bosquier, Camerini; Jacquet, Herbin; Fefou, Revelli, Keita, Bereta.

The French defended stoutly but a severe penalty decision clearly upset them, coming right on half-time, thereafter Celtic took full advantage of their superior strength and stamina to run out worthy winners.

(Celtic won 4-2 on aggregate — will meet Red Star Belgrade).

Spartak Trnava (Czech.) 4
Adamec 3 (59, 76, 92), Svec (3).
Steaua Bucharest (Rumania)... 0
Trnava. Att. 20,000. Ref. Scheurer (Switzerland).

Spartak: Geryk; Dobias, Bozik, Majernik, Hagara; Hrusecky, Kuna; Martinkovic, Svec, Adamec, Kabat.

Steaua: Suciu; Satmareanu, Nicolae, Halmageanu, Vigu; Jenei, Negrea; Panteu, Constantin, Voinea, Creinicean u (Soo).

A brilliant hat-trick by 26-year-old Josef Adamec, delivered with his lethal left foot, crushed the Rumanians, who looked dangerous in breakaways but found no answer to Spartak's late scoring burst.

(Spartak won 5-3 on aggregate—will meet Reipas Lahti).

Manchester United 7
Law 4 (41, 47, 60, 71), Stiles (37), Burns (68), Charlton (84).
Waterford (Eire) 1
Casey (69).
Manchester. Att. 42,000. Ref. Campos (Portugal).

Man. Utd.: Stepney; Dunne, Foulkes, Stiles, Burns; Crerand, Charlton; Best, Sadler, Law, Kidd.

Waterford: Thomas; Bryan, Morley, McGeough, Griffin; Morrissey, Coad; Casey, Hale, O'Neill, Matthews.

The gallant Irish resisted with some luck for just over half-hour, but were eventually submerged by a torrent of goals to satisfy the audience, including an easy four from the inspired Law.

(Manchester Utd. won 10-2 on aggregate—will meet Anderlecht).

Ajax Amsterdam 4
Swart 2 (22, 59), Groot (87 pen.), Cruyff (90).
Nürnberg (West Germany) ... 0
Amsterdam. Att. 64,000. Ref. Adair (Ireland).

Ajax: Bals; Suurbier, Hulshoff, Vasovic, Van Duivenbode; Muller, Groot; Swart (Suurendonck), Cruyff, Nuninga, Keizer.

Nürnberg: Wabra (Rynio); Hansen, Leupold, Wenauer, Popp; Küppers, Rigotti (Müller); Cebinac, Zaczyk, Nüssing, Volkert.

Spurred on by the capacity crowd, Ajax gave a fine exhibition of power play up front and iron control in midfield to demolish the Germans who had few chances and finished well beaten.

(Ajax won 5-1 on aggregate—will meet Fenerbahce).

Rapid Vienna 3
Lindman 2 (10, 60), Kaltenbrunner (17).
Rosenborg Trondheim (Nor.) 3
Iversen 3 (21, 32, 86).
Vienna. Att. 6,000. Ref. Kuniades (Cyprus).

Rapid: Fuchsbichler; Gebhardt, Skocik, Glechner, Fak; Bjerregaard, Lindman; Fritsch, Grausam, Kaltenbrunner, Söndergaard.

Rosenborg: Fossen; Loraas, Rönnes, Eggen, Hvidsand; Haagenrud, Nöss; Pedersen, Christiansen, Iversen, Sunde.

Rainy weather plus full TV-coverage kept away the fans, who missed a goal-thriller with Norwegian star, Odd Iversen, hitting a fine hat-trick after Rapid's defence became careless following an early lead.

(Rapid won 6-4 on aggregate — will meet Real Madrid).

Reipas Lahti (Finland) 2
Holtari 2 (58, 79).
Floriana (Malta) 0
Helsinki. Att. 2,000. Ref. Mystrand (Sweden).

Reipas: Enckelman; Kosonen, Kautonen, Litmanen, Haahti; Partanen, Hamalainen; B. Flick, Y. Flick, Hyvarinen, Holtari.

Floriana: Zefara; Galea, Grima, Camilleri, Debono; Farrugia, Grech; Borg, Buttigier, Caruana, Micallef.

The Mediterranean visitors did not relish the cold climate but put up a brave show until their resistance was broken by local hero, Hanni Holtari, whose goals decided this mediocre tie.

(Reipas won 3-1 on aggregate — will meet Spartak Trnava).

Fenerbahce (Turkey) 2
Abdullah (47), Ogun (79).
Manchester City 1
Coleman (12).
Istanbul. Att. 45,000. Ref. Marcel (Austria).

Fenerbahce: Yavuz; Sukru, Ercan, Nunweiller, Levent; Yilmaz, Ziya; Ogun, Nedim, Fuat, Can (Abdullah).

Man. City: Mulhearn; Connor, Doyle, Heslop, Pardoe; Bell, Oakes; Lee, Summerbee, Young, Coleman.

City's boastful threat to "sweep Europe" fell flat at the first hurdle, for despite an early gift-goal they were shattered after the interval by inspired soccer on this unforgettable night of Turkish delight.

(Fenerbahce won 2-1 on aggregate—will meet Ajax Amsterdam).

Benfica Lisbon 8
Torres 3 (12, 47, 78), Simoes (5), Graça (8), Eusebio (20), Coluna (33), Augusto (76).
Valur (Iceland) 1
Gunnarsson (65).
Lisbon. Att. 35,000. Ref. Cassari (Malta).

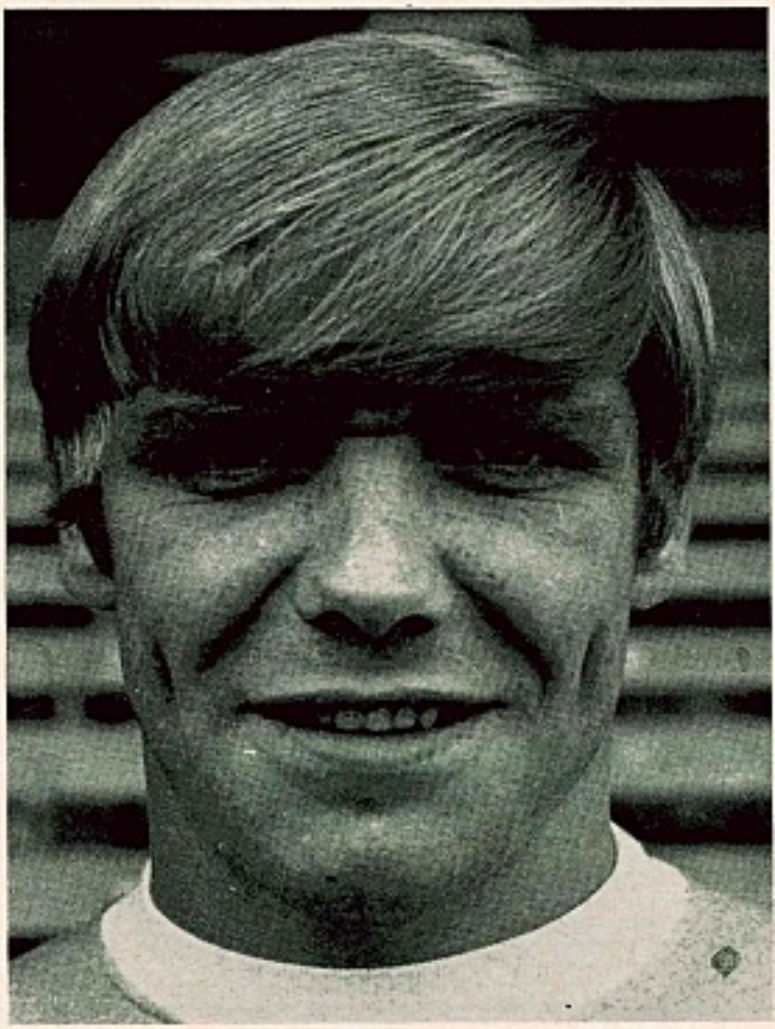
Benfica: Nascimento; Jacinto, Humberto II, Raul, Cruz; Graça, Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.

Valur: Dagsson; Erlingsson, Einarsson, Ragnarsson, Thorleinn; Jonsson, Alfonsson; Elisson, Reynir, Gunnarsson, Skulasson.

This extremely clean game proved no more than shooting practice for Benfica, who opened out in the first half-hour but thereafter merely tried and succeeded in providing goals for every forward.

(Benfica won 8-1 on aggregate—received a bye into Round Two).

Continued next month



Manchester City outside-left Tony Coleman, whose experience of European Cup football lasted only two matches. (A)

NOT the poor relation

THE European Cup is still the great competition, the one that captures the imagination of the public, the one that counts with both clubs and players. The rewards for winning it are high and the clubs who have won it become so influential that a protest to UEFA is acted upon as if it were an order.

How else could the reluctance of Celtic and Milan to play clubs from Warsaw Pact countries lead to that unpardonable re-arrangement of the first round draw without it being suggested that the Scottish and Italian champions might prefer to withdraw if their principles did not permit them to play teams with whom they had been paired originally.

By their action UEFA have devalued this season's Champions Cup to such an extent that it might now be fairly claimed that the winners of the Fairs Cup competition will be the true 1969 champions of Europe.

It could be argued that so far none of the Eastern European countries have provided a winner of either the European Cup or the Cup Winners Cup and therefore that the absence of entries from five of these countries will be of little consequence.

If one accepts that as a reasonable argument then we might as well play the competitions by computer, feeding in only the names of the clubs we expect to reach the semi-finals.

These five countries have a tremendous influence on both competitions. One has only to recall last season's defeat of Celtic, then the holders, by Kiev Dynamo to appreciate it.

Clubs who are still contesting this season's Champions Cup competition must be honest with themselves and ask whether they, as winners, would be truly entitled to claim the title of champions of Europe when powerful football nations like Hungary, Russia and Poland and, to a lesser degree, Bulgaria and East Germany are not represented.

I am not being cynical or disrespectful of the clubs still contesting the European Cup when I suggest that the winners of the much-maligned Fairs Cup could claim fairly to be this season's champions of Europe.

The withdrawal of five clubs has made the European Cup that much easier to win. The Cup Winners Cup, always in my view a second-class competition in comparison with the other two, has also suffered because of the withdrawals.

After a quaint beginning, the Fairs Cup has grown into a competition that I am convinced is as difficult to win as the European Cup and this season, with its 64 entries, may prove to be the hardest of all.

I am not alone in this view. It is shared by Don Revie, the Leeds United manager, whose success in the Fairs Cup has made him one of the most respected and admired officials in European football.

His record in three seasons speaks for itself. In the first season Leeds suffered semi-final defeat in a play-off against Real Zaragoza. In the following season they

A triumphant Billy Bremner after his goal had secured victory for Leeds United over Standard Liege in a Fairs Cup-tie this season. (A)

Feature by DEREK WALLIS

reached the Final but were beaten by Dynamo Zagreb. And in this season's hang-over Final from last season Leeds triumphed and became the first British team to win the Fairs Cup by beating Ferencvaros.

By now Revie has a thorough knowledge of European competition, its problems and its pitfalls, but when Leeds began the defence of the Fairs Cup he was prepared for the hardest struggle of all. Winning the cup was one thing. Keeping it against such a vast field of undoubted quality is quite another.

This may be the season when the Fairs Cup, despite the handicap of its odd name, may finally emerge with the international recognition it so thoroughly deserves.

It was once a joke, then it became a sort of poor man's European Cup and later a consolation prize for clubs who had just missed the major domestic honours.

One point is inevitably overlooked when assessments are made of the comparative values of the European Cup and the Fairs Cup. Teams in the Fairs Cup are often those who are still improving and have yet to reach the summit of their capabilities while those in the European Cup are sometimes past the peak of form that enabled them to win their country's championship in the previous season.

Sir Matt Busby, manager of the present European champions Manchester United, admits that after a championship win there is often some reaction that leads to a period when the team finds it difficult to recapture their title-winning form.

I believe the Fairs Cup won many new friends and new support when the organising committee refused to follow UEFA's example and rearrange the draw for the first round. They would win many more if their own competition was more tightly organised so that it finishes in the same season as it starts.

This is another handicap to the competition's progress because people tend to scoff at the apparent inability to complete the competition in one season. Doubts were expressed about whether the competition would ever finish when the number of entries was increased this season from 48 to 64 even though the increase does not entail an extra round.

The Fairs Cup committee are far too free and easy with clubs who claim they are unable to complete their two matches for a particular round before the deadline. Last season the deadline for one of the rounds was extended by as much as two months to accommodate clubs whose season had ended or whose season was in its mid-winter pause.

UEFA have worked out a formula for fixing definite dates for each round of their two competitions. Disagreement over dates has been virtually eliminated and the system, which takes into account international and domestic commitments, seems to work very smoothly.

The Fairs Cup committee need to work out a similar formula though this is something that will become UEFA's responsibility if the European body finally succeed in taking over the competition.

Whatever happens the Fairs Cup Final must be played at the end of the season otherwise it loses its impact and the whole competition its purpose.

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ESTUDIANTES QUALIFY

SOUTH AMERICAN COMMENTARY

from GORDON JEFFERY

WHILST the spotlight has been on Estudiantes' victory over Manchester United and their retention of the Inter-Continental Club Championship for Argentina, a steady start has been made in the 1968 Argentinian National Championship. Both the 1967 (Racing) and the 1968 (Estudiantes) "world" champions qualified in that competition for the South American club championship competition, and the top two when the Argentinian league fixtures are completed will have their special hopes of completing the hat-trick. Estudiantes, of course, will have automatic entry to the South American club championship as the current holders of the title—probably, if the competition is held early in 1969 and if the pattern of the previous years is followed, coming in at the semi-final stage. Certainly although these are early days in the Argentinian championship, it looks doubtful whether Estudiantes will finish in the top two in that championship and so qualify on that account.

NATIONAL

Sixteen clubs are in the national championship—the six highest placed from the two groups of the completed Metropolitan Championship plus four provincial championship winners. The 16 are thus:

From the Metropolitan Group A: San Lorenzo de Almagro, Estudiantes de La Plata, Lanus, Racing, Boca Juniors and Colon.

From the Metropolitan Group B: Velez Sarsfield, River Plate, Rosario Central, Huracan, Independiente and Los Andes.

From the Provinces: Belgrano from the state of Cordoba, San Martin from Tucuman, Huracan from Bahia Blanca, and Independiente Rivadavia from Mendoza.

Two clubs called Independiente you will see, and two called Huracan—and to add to the confusion there is a third Huracan playing in what amounts to the Second Division in Argentina (this one comes from Corrientes).

Quite the most outstanding club during the Metropolitan Championship that took up the first part of Argentina's 1968 season was San Lorenzo. They were unbeaten in the 22 league matches — 14 wins and eight draws, and they beat River Plate in the semi-final and, after extra time, Estudiantes in the final. But the national championship opened sensationally with San Lorenzo being beaten by Boca Juniors. Nicolau scored the only goal of the match six minutes from time and San Lorenzo were not only beaten for the first time this season, they were beaten in a home match.

Elsewhere that same Sunday, two other ancient Buenos Aires rivals, River Plate and Independiente, were meeting at River's Nunez ground. Again a single goal decided the issue—River's Rodriguez was the scorer in the 33rd minute, and two players were sent off—Cubilla of River and Pastoriza of Independiente. In the three remaining matches played on the opening day the new boys were involved.

Huracan of Bahia Blanca made the poorest start — they were beaten by five goals to nil by Los Andes who were but recently newcomers themselves. San Martin of Tucuman put up more of a struggle before losing at home by three goals to one to Velez Sarsfield, group winners in the Metropolitan, but it was Belgrano from Cordoba who gained the first provincial point when they played a goalless match at home to Lanus.

REIGNING

The fourth newcomer, Independiente Rivadavia from Mendoza, had made their first appearance in the big-time the previous Friday evening—at La Plata against mighty Estudiantes. The reigning South American champions, and the "world" champions to be, only beat the Mendoza side by the solitary goal of the match.

Two matches remained to complete the first round of the national championship programme—Racing Club v. Rosario Central who played on the Monday evening, and Colon v. Huracan played the following Friday. These Monday matches and some, I think, of the Friday ones, are being shown on television and it will be interesting later to report the success or otherwise of an experiment often suggested for English viewers—that of showing live a single Football League match on a specified evening (so that other clubs can avoid it) in preference to the showing of the highlights of matches the results of which are already known to viewers. Racing, incidentally, won their match 1-0 and Colon theirs by 2-0.

QUALIFIED

Boca Juniors, although they had only qualified in fifth place in Group A and been beaten twice in the Metropolitan Championship by San Lorenzo (each time by the odd goal in three), are still a big name in Argentinian football and San Lorenzo could find that a reason to shrug off their opening day defeat. But that consoling thought was denied them the following Friday when they anticipated the second round of matches by playing at Rosario against Central — and again losing!

Their defeat, however, was less surprising than that of Estudiantes playing against the newcomers, Huracan at the Olympic Stadium in Bahia Blanca. Outside-left Ferlich scored the only goal of this match early in the second half and, lest readers may have seen reports elsewhere suggesting the contrary, here was Estudiantes' first XI line-up: Poletti; Malbernat, Aguirre Suarez, Madero, Medina; Bilardo, Pachame, Echecopar; Ribaudo (Lavezzi), Conigliaro and Veron.

Racing goalkeeper, Cejas, intercepts a centre in face of opposition from Bianchi of Velez Sarsfield. (EW)

Estudiantes' first match against Manchester United in Buenos Aires was still ten days ahead but it is fair to assume that no Estudiantes player would have been prepared to risk going flat out in Bahia Blanca. It remains an indication of the strength of Argentinian football, however defensively inspired, that a side from the provinces with no experience of top national competitions could beat the South American club champions.

Stern defensive play and consequentially few goals and many draws were in evidence on the second day's play — Boca v. Racing, and Independiente Rivadavia v. Los Andes were both goalless matches; River against Huracan, and Lanus against San Martin, 1-1 draws. Velez did have a clear win (3-1) over Belgrano but the Monday televised match was another draw—2-2 when Independiente entertained Colon.

San Lorenzo have recovered somewhat from that disastrous start—winning at home against Huracan and Velez Sarsfield and drawing away against Lanus and Independiente but with six points from six matches they are trailing behind River Plate and Racing, who lead the championship with ten points apiece; Colon who have nine points; Boca Juniors eight points; and Velez Sarsfield and Rosario Central, who have seven. Los Andes share the seventh and eighth places with San Lorenzo.

RELISH

River, Racing and Colon are all unbeaten, Boca have been beaten once—by the newcomers San Martin—but this defeat, inevitably one feels by a single goal of the match, was in far-away Tucuman: high in the Andes and approaching the Tropic of Capricorn. Boca's players found little relish in playing in a temperature around 100 degrees centigrade!

Estudiantes rest on the bottom —but with two matches (against Huracan of Bahia Blanca and Lanus) in hand. They are not likely to stay on the lowest rung but defeats by Huracan (Buenos Aires) and Colon in addition to the one I have already mentioned against Huracan of Bahia Blanca, have saddled them with a handicap they may find it difficult to carry in pursuit of clubs like River Plate and Racing even if Colon may soon slip back.

One club that seems never to slip back is Penarol in Uruguay. With 11 of the total 18 matches played in the Uruguayan championship they are in front with 21 points. Predictably the only club in challenging distance are Nacional—they have 19 points. A couple of early draws had Nacional trailing behind Penarol, who had maximum points from their first seven matches when the two great Montevideo clubs met at the Centenario Stadium. Penarol, without their injured captain, Nestor Goncalvez, elected, after an opening attacking spell that Nacional successfully repulsed, to play this one defensively—and what must be one of the finest defences in the world stayed unbroken. Sixty thousand spectators watched the goalless match played by these two teams:

Penarol: Mazurkiewicz; Figueroa, Varela; Mendez, Forlan, Caetano; Cortes, Rocha, Carrera, Spencer and Joya.

Nacional: Manga; Anchetta, Alvarez; Ubinas, Montero-Castillo, Mujica; Esparrago, Prieto, Celio, Techera and Domingo Perez.

STAGE

Since that match, Penarol completed the first half of their fixtures by beating Rampla Juniors 1-0 while Nacional beat Liverpool 2-0. Two matches have been played by each club in the second half of the season—Penarol, their defence again intact, beating Danubio (4-0) and Liverpool (1-0); and Nacional beating Cerro (3-1) and Rampla Juniors (2-0). The stage is set for the usual near end of season clash between Penarol and Nacional but, not for the first time, Nacional — unless Penarol slip against Defensor, River Plate (of Montevideo), Sud America, Racing or Cerro—will be under the disadvantage because of earlier lapses against less formidable opposition.

If it is the usual two clubs leading the field in Uruguay, there seems a fair chance of changes in Peru's representation in the South American club championship. Here a club called Juan Aurich, despite drawing their second match against Porvenir Miraflores, and losing their fifth to the better-known Sporting Cristal club, have maintained a two-point lead for several weeks over another little-known Peruvian club, Octavio Espinosa. Alianza Lima, probably the best-known of Peruvian clubs, gained only five points from their first five matches but they have steadily marked up victories since then. But they have still to rely upon Juan Aurich dropping points. Leading positions with 12 of a total of 26 matches played in the Peru national championship:

Juan Aurich	20	pts.
Octavio Espinosa ...	18	„
Alianza Lima	18	„
Sporting Cristal ...	17	„
Universitario	14	„
Carlos Maunucci ...	14	„

Chile for the second half of the season divided their programme of matches into the National and the Promotion Championships but without, as there is in Argentina, any infusion of clubs from the interior into the National League. There are ten clubs in this—Audax Italiano, Concepcion, Everton, Green Cross, Huachipato, Palestino, Santiago Morning, Universidad Catolica, Universidad de Chile and Wanderers. One effect, that should have been anticipated of course—and probably was, of the division of what had been the single table into its two parts on merit, has been the closeness of the competition for the national championship. After most clubs have played seven matches, Catolica, Santiago Morning and Wanderers are together in front, with Universidad de Chile and Palestino only one point behind them.

In the Promotion Division, although recently Union Espanola and Colo Colo (who must be a bit ashamed to be out of the top National championship) have begun to pull clear in the eight-strong division after seven matches, there has been a remarkably high incidence of drawn matches. No less than 12 of the 20 matches played in the first five rounds ended that way.

River Plate winger Oscar Mas heads wide against Independiente-Rivadavia (Mendoza Province) in the National Championship. It didn't matter, River Plate registered the season's biggest win, 7-0. (EW)

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY

● *Continued from page 27*

told that foreigners don't like heading — that's why they invented the bicycle kick?

All the build-up off the field fosters an atmosphere in which players go out on to the pitch *expecting* differences. I watched carefully United and Estudiantes. Often there were brushes between players that had United been playing Liverpool or Estudiantes been playing River Plate would have been shrugged off with muttered curses. But instead, to each United player this was another example of Argentinian calculated animal behaviour: to each Estudiantes player another case of English brutality. The foreignness is exaggerated.

The common ground that Matt speaks about is a love of football—and no one is likely to be on a football field in Manchester, Buenos Aires, Reykjavik or Tokyo, unless they have that love of the game. It is all the things we have in common that should be stressed—not the differences that often are more imagined than real.

That is why the witch-hunting of Stiles remains for me the matter of most concern about this affair. With no pre-judgement, with no preconceived notions, no prophecies of disaster, the breakthrough will come when a referee and his linesmen walk out to start an Inter-Continental Championship match between two sides of 11 footballers.

REAL STORM AHEAD

SPAIN

SEVEN victories in seven matches have given Real an emphatic, if not unassailable lead in the Spanish championship. Of all their games this season, one against Sabadell has proved the most spectacular. Sixty-thousand spectators at the Bernabeu stadium saw Velasquez score after just 14 seconds, and when Amancio quickly scored a second the match had all the makings of a rout. But Sabadell, to their great credit, refused to give up. The score fluctuated excitingly to 2-1, 3-1, 3-2, 4-2, 4-3, and it was not until Amancio scored his ninth goal of the season and Real's fifth that the champions felt safe.

After a game with eight goals, a game with one—scored at the very end of a difficult away match with Valencia. Real lost the effective services of Grosso early in the second half, moving him to the wing after he had suffered a serious leg injury. But their defence, with Zuzunegui outstanding, was equal to all the pressure of the Valencia attack. Then, in the final minute, with a goalless draw apparently inevitable, Jose Luis eluded three Valencian defenders in a sinuous dribble to score a dramatic winning goal.

Real's home match with Sociedad proved equally exciting. Sociedad were unbeaten after six games, and actually scored first at Chamartin after only eight minutes. But Real equalised and went ahead before half-time, and it was only some great saves that prevented Velasquez and Amancio from increasing their lead.

Barcelona found their best form against Zaragoza, winning 4-1, but still lack the consistency required of potential champions. The task of chasing Real seems to have fallen on Las Palmas, who showed their powers of recovery at Cordoba when they were 3-1 down after 65 minutes yet won 4-3. But Las Palmas struggled to beat the bottom club, Grenada, 1-0 at home, and even with Gilberto to bang in the goals, they seem to have too many players ill-equipped to keep other teams out.

NORWAY

FOR a country with such a small population and acute climatic difficulties, Norway has a flourishing and enterprising league. The 1968 season has just finished, and Kare Torgrimsen tells me that a total of 696,500 watched the first division programme, for a record average gate of 7,700—this, remember, in a country of pure amateurism.

Rosenberg of Trondheim had the highest average attendance, 11,756, but they were beaten for the championship by Lyn Oslo. The difference in points between the leading clubs was precisely the two defeats Lyn inflicted on Rosenberg, 4-2 and 3-1, the first in front of a 21,583 crowd at Trondheim. At the other end of the scale the Oslo club Frigg (now relegated with their neighbours, Valerengen) drew precisely 834 spectators for their home match with Skeid.

Perhaps the most astonishing event of the season was Stroemgodset's 10-1 win against Lyn at home, followed by a 6-1 win in Oslo—to score 16 goals against the ultimate champions must be a record without parallel. One of the Stroemgodset forwards, Steinar Pettersen, got 20 goals in the season, but this was well short of Ola Dybwad Olsen (Lyn), who hit 25, and Rosenborg's Odd Iversen, who broke the goalscoring record. His six goals in the final match of the season, against Valerengen, gave him a total of 30—and clinched his selection as Footballer of the Year. Another record was set by Fredrikstad's Per Kristoffersen, an aggregate of 141 in league matches. He has announced his retirement.

In another high scoring match Lyn got 11 against Viking—the ninth game to go to double figures in first division matches since the war. The record, incidentally, is held by Lyn—a remarkable 14 goals away to Kristiansund back in 1950-51

Lyn went on to complete a league and cup double by beating a second division club, Mjoendalen, in the final before another big crowd—21,101. Mjoendalen played much better than expected, and could have been two goals ahead with steadier shooting. But Lyn pulled themselves together to score through Dybwad Olsen after 39 minutes. Thereafter Mjoendalen were very much on the defensive, but they held out until the 76th minute, when Jan Berg took advantage of a defensive error.

The third goal, by Harald Berg, came in the final seconds to give Lyn a slightly flattering victory. Mjoendalen, of course, have the consolation of playing in the 1969-70 Cup Winners Cup.

Lyn: Olsen; Rodvang, Ostvold, Morisbak, Kolle; Knut Berg, K. J. Johannesen; Jan Berg, Harald Berg, Ola Dybwad Olsen, Austnes.

Mjoendalen: Larsen; Olsen, Loe, Jensrud, Svendsen; John Olsen, Brede Skistad; Kristiansen, Holmen, Boye Skistad, Ryghseter.

While the standard of play, as the results indicate, is startlingly erratic, Norway has done well in the European Cup recently. In fact they have been unbeaten away for three years—Valerengen drawing 1-1 at Linfield, Skied 1-1 at Sparta Prague, and Rosenborg 3-3 at Rapid Vienna. For them the problem is a shortage of top-class internationals—especially with Kaspersen injured for most of the season—and that their players have other commitments. Harald Berg, for instance, had to miss the recent World Cup tie against France because of an exam.

FINLAND

REIPAS of Lahti have lost their hold on the Finnish championship, which went to TPS of Turku, or, to give them their full name, Turun Pallo Seura. TPS owed their victory to a marvellous defence, which conceded only 19 goals in 22 matches. At the other end of the field their international centre-forward, Tommy Lindholm, scored 22 goals, to keep his scoring title acquired last year.

Snow was already falling steadily when the season ended, and Reipas, still in the European Cup after the first round, agreed to play both legs against Spartak Trnava in Czechoslovakia. Better to lose there, one supposes, than to be unable to play at all.

The Naples team. Back row left to right: Zoff, Guarneri, Stenti, Sala, Panzanato and Montefusco. Front: Salvi, Juliano, Altafini, Bianchi and Cane. (UPI)

European League Review . . . . . by ROGER MACDONALD

Leading scorers: Lindholm (TPS) 22, Tolsa (Kotka) 19, Vanhanen (St-Michel) 18, K. Pahlmann (HJK) 17, Hyvarinen (Reipas) 16.

POLAND

IN spite of an injury to Lubanski, Gornik have regained their place of pre-eminence in the autumn championship. But the credit goes largely to their defence, and the fabulous Kotka, who frustrated the forwards of Wisla, Katowice, Row and Stol in successive weeks. Lubanski has been injured since the fourth series of matches, but in spite of that continues to lead the list of goalscorers.

Goals are now at a premium, with many matches ending no score, 1-0 or 1-1. But this is no second land of *catenaccio*: rather a reflection on the hard grounds and ferociously cold weather, which makes attacking play an unreasonable risk. Only Legia, suddenly finding their form in a devastating 6-0 win against Munich 1860 in the Fairs Cup, seem able to score goals with any consistency.

Gornik must be expected to confirm their advantage in the second half of the championship, assuming, of course, that Lubanski returns and Szoltysik regains his form. At present their supremacy is precarious, but then uncertainty is an attractive commodity in football—judging by the 128,000 who attended the seven first division matches on one sub-zero Sunday.

RUSSIA

FOR all the ugly rumours of matches being fixed near the end of the championship, Dynamo Kiev roll remorselessly on towards their third successive title. With one of their best performances of the season they crushed Zenith 5-2, ample revenge for a 1-0 defeat that Zenith inflicted at Leningrad earlier in the season. Serebriankov scored a hat-trick, and the other goals came from Medvid and Sabo. Kiev, composed and vastly experienced, have even discovered another superb player, Roudakov, strongly fancied for an international place during the World Cup campaign.

If anyone is to catch Kiev, a task looking more and more formidable each week, it can only be the two Moscow clubs, Spartak and Torpedo. Spartak did well to draw no score at Dynamo Minsk, a fine home team, and to beat Neftchi 4-3 in a fluctuating game in Moscow. But a match they really should have won, away to Cernomoretz in Odessa, almost ended in disaster. After 30 minutes Moskalenko and Lissenko had given Cernomoretz a 2-0 lead, and it took a deflected shot from Papaev, then a brilliant diving header by Yankine in the 64th minute to save even one point.

The initiative turns therefore to Torpedo, for whom the ageless Streltzov scored twice in a 3-0 win over the Red Army, to bring his total to 16 goals, the best in the first division this season. Streltzov was closely watched in Torpedo's next match, away to Zenith, who had already disposed of Kiev and Spartak in Leningrad. But in front of 35,000 spectators, with the centigrade thermometer firmly stuck at zero, Torpedo retreated and retreated; then as Zenith began to flag, Sovtchenko scored a breakaway goal 12 minutes from time to take two precious points.

You may wonder what has happened to Moscow Dynamo, for so long the outstanding club in Russian football. Yashin (*pictured right, A*) is still playing, but only in the more important matches, and Dynamo are well down the table. However, they have discovered a number of promising youngsters in Chtapon, Maslov, Vchivtez, Larine and Kozlov, all of whom have improved tremendously under the pressure of league football. If and when Kiev win their third championship, emulating the feat of the famous Red Army side of the late 'forties, they may find Dynamo preventing a fourth.

ITALY

A REVIVAL, perhaps, for Internazionale Milan, who sent Cagliari tumbling down the table from second place to sixth after a crushing 4-0 win at San Siro. It was a duel between the irresistible winger, Riva, who had scored five goals in three games, and the impassable full-back, Burgnich, no respecter of reputations. That Burgnich won the duel could be deduced from the score; but not that Riva scarcely managed an effective kick.

Burgnich's better half, Giacinto Facchetti, advanced from left-back to score Inter's first goal in the ninth minute. It was a remarkable goal, anticipated noisily by the crowd, feared by Cagliari's defenders . . . but somehow inevitable once Facchetti got the ball. Thereafter the Sardinian side was always defending, effectively until the hour, incompetently in the last quarter. First Spadetto, brought into the team by Foni shortly after his 18th birthday, scored a second goal in the 65th minute; then Mazzola, in the 76th, and Domenghini, in the 90th, administered the final thrust. The match was a triumph for Suarez, bewitching in midfield, so clairvoyant in his passing.

In contrast AC Milan went to the top of the table after two matches of unbelievably mediocrity. First the bottom club, Pisa, came to San Siro for a point and almost got it. Sormani gave AC a lead after 27 minutes, but the home defenders bungled a clearance and allowed Pisa to equalise. It took a desperate effort by Prati, hemmed in by several defenders, to win the match for Milan eight minutes from time. Then AC played a goalless draw at Florence, a game in which the ball rarely entered either penalty area, and neither goalkeeper had a real shot to save.

WORLD DIARY — continued from page 7

Munich, Helmut Siber of Offenbach Kickers, Franz Hasil of Schalke 04 and Gerd Fraydl of Hertha Berlin. But Austria's chances of qualifying seem slim after their home defeat by West Germany, who were technically more skilful and certainly much faster, especially in the closing stages. Austria fought hard after Muller had scored in the 16th minute, but an own-goal by Eigenstiller in the second half shattered their morale. Austria, however, have been unable to field their best goalkeeper, Fraydl, either against West Germany or against Scotland. Fraydl dropped out of the party through injury, after a brilliant display for Hertha in the league—he even saved a penalty against Cologne.

The United States, coached by Phil Woosnam, needed to beat Bermuda home and away to qualify for Central America's final group at the expense of Canada. The Canadians gained five points from four matches, and gave their best performance against the Americans in Toronto. Roy put the United States ahead after 38 minutes, but McPhate equalised almost immediately and scored again early in the second half. Patterson and Vigh made the game safe for Canada before Streitzel scored a second for the USA in the last 30 seconds. After this defeat, the Americans had to win in Atlanta to keep their hopes alive. Canada played entirely in defence, and had only one real shot at goal; but a foolish mistake in the 50th minute, when Albrecht scored from a free-kick through a line of players, cost them the match.

The first game played in the African groups resulted in a 4-2 win for Zambia over the Sudan at Ndola. Zambia, who intend to tour Europe next year, were losing 2-1 at half-time, but the high altitude (5,000 feet) and the intense heat sapped Sudan's stamina. Which, remembering that the finals are at Mexico in the midday sun, makes one fear the worst.

Classified Results

DECEMBER 17, 1967

Albania (0) 0 21,889
West Germany (0) 0
Albania: Dinela; Ginali, Vaso; Mema, Giorgangi, Shlaku; Pano, Bizi, Ragami, Zhega, Kazanbi.
West Germany: Wolter; Patzke, Hottges; Netzer, Schulz, Weber; Held, Kuppers, Meyer, Overath, Lohr.

Portugal (0) 0 40,000
Bulgaria (0) 0
Portugal: Americo; Rodrigues (M.), Hilario; Graca, Rodrigues (R.), Jose Carlos; Jose Augusto, Eusebio, Torres, Pedras, Simoes.
Bulgaria: Simeonov; Guidarsky, Gaganelov; Dimitrov, Penev, Jetchev; Dermendjiev, Yakimov, Popov, Bonev, Kotkov.

DECEMBER 23

Italy (3) 4 (Mazzola 2, Riva, Domenghini) 28,000
Switzerland (0) 0
Italy: Albertosi; Burgnich, Facchetti; Ferrini, Bercellino, Picchi; Domenghini, Rivera, Mazzola, Juliano, Riva.
Switzerland: Kunz; Pfirter, Michaud; Perroud, Tacchella, Durr; Fuhrer, Odermatt, Kunzli, Bernasconi, Quentin.

France (1) 3 (Loubet 3) 7,500
Luxembourg (0) 1 (Klein)
France: Aubour; Djorkaeff, Baeza; Bosquier, Quittet, Krawczyk; Loubet, Michel, Cossou, Szepaniak, Beretta.
Luxembourg: Hoffmann; Kuffer, Hoffstetter; Konter, Jeitz, Ewen; Klein, Leonard, Schmit, Pilot, Dublin.

FEBRUARY 28, 1968

Spain (2) 3 (Amancio 2, Rife)
Sweden (1) 1 (Eiderstedt) 21,200
Spain: Iribar; Osorio, Gallego; Tonono, Canos, Pirri; Rife, Amancio, Ansola, Uriarte, Gento.
Sweden: Larsson; Solander, Axelsson; Jonsson, Nordquist, Grip; Olsson, Eiderstedt, Kindvall, Eriksson, Svahn.

APRIL 6

Bulgaria (1) 3 (Jekov pen, Dermendjiev, Jekov) 55,000
Italy (0) 2 (Penev o.g., Prati)
Bulgaria: Bonchev; Shalamanov, Gaganelov; Jetchev, Penev, Jekov; Popov, Yakimov, Asparoukhov, Kotkov, Dermendjiev.
Italy: Albertosi (Vieri); Burgnich, Facchetti; Bertini, Bercellino, Picchi; Domenghini, Rivera, Mazzola, Juliano, Prati.

France (0) 1 (Di Nallo) 45,000
Yugoslavia (0) 1 (Musemic)
France: Aubour; Djorkaeff, Baeza; Bosquier, Quittet, Simon; Loubet, Herbin, Combin, Di Nallo, Beretta.
Yugoslavia: Pantelic; Fazlagic, Djordjevic; Paunovic, Holcer, Mihajlovic; Trivic, Musovic, Musemic, Osim, Dzajic.

APRIL 7

Holland (1) 1 (Klijnjan) 40,000
Belgium (1) 2 (Polleunis, Devrindt)
Holland: Van Beveren; Romeyn, Warnas; Groot, Pijs, Eykenbroeck (Israel); Swart, Klijnjan, Jansen (Pahlplatz), Muller, Wery.
Belgium: Boone; Heylens, Thiessen; Jeck, Plaskie, Dockx; Polleunis, Van Himst, Claessen, Dewalque, Devrindt.

APRIL 17

Switzerland (0) 0 60,000
West Germany (0) 0
Switzerland: Grob; Pfirter, Michaud; Kuhn, Tacchella, Ramseier; Fuhrer, Odermatt, Kunzli, Blattler, Quentin.
West Germany: Wolter; Heidemann (Fichtel), Vogts; Beckenbauer, Schulz, Weber; Koppel, Seeler, Lohr, Netzer, Volkert.

APRIL 20

Italy (1) 2 (Prati, Domenghini)
Bulgaria (0) 0 84,000
Italy: Zoff; Burgnich, Facchetti; Ferrini, Castano, Guarneri; Domenghini, Juliano, Mazzola, Rivera, Prati.
Bulgaria: Simeonov; Shalamanov, Gaganelov; Penev, Dimitrov, Jetchev; Popov, Bonev, Asparoukhov, Yakimov, Dermendjiev.

APRIL 24

Poland (2) 8 (Faber 3, Lubanski 3, Bula, Smijewski) 17,000
Turkey (0) 0
Poland: Kostka; Folbrycht, Bazan; Deja (Smijewski), Gmoch, Ozlislo; Bula, Jaroski, Lubanski, Maszczyk, Faber.
Turkey: Ali; Sukru, Ercan; Ergun, Fehmi, Talat; Ayhan, Ferzi, Sanli (Ismail), Ogun, Faruk (Mustafa).

Yugoslavia (4) 5 (Petkovic 2, Musemic 2, Dzajic) 47,747
France (1) 1 (Di Nallo)
Yugoslavia: Pantelic; Fazlagic, Ramljak; Belin, Mihajlovic, Holcer; Petkovic, Osim, Musemic, Trivic, Dzajic.
France: Aubour; Esteve, Baeza; Djorkaeff, Quittet, Bosquier; Herbet, Guy, Di Nallo, Szepaniak, Loubet.

Russia (0) 1 (Sabo) 20,493
Belgium (0) 0
Russia: Pschenitchnikov; Istomin, Anitchkin; Voronin, Shesternev, Khurtsilava; Chislenko, Banishevski, Streltzov, Sabo, Byshovets (Malafeev).
Belgium: Boone; Heylens, Thiessen; Beurbet, Plaskie, Dockx; Verheyen, Van Moer, Polleunis, Claessen, Devrindt.

APRIL 27

Czechoslovakia (2) 3 (Kuhas, Jokl, Adamec) 20,000
Yugoslavia (0) 0
Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Pivarnik, Hagara; Geleta, Pluss (Kvosnjak), Horvath; Vesely, Jokl, Adamec, Kuhas, Kabat.
Yugoslavia: Pantelic; Fazlagic, Ramljak; Mihajlovic, Holcer, Lazarevic (Rora); Djordjevic, Belin (Paunovic), Musemic (Hosic), Trivic, Dzajic.

MAY 1

Austria (0) 1 (Siber) 24,324
Rumania (1) 1 (Callo)
Austria: Hodschar; Gebhardt, Fruhlich; Sturmberger, Glechner, Eigenstiller; Parits, Starek, Kogelberger, Siber, Fiala.
Rumania: Coman; Ivanescu, Deleanu; Grozea, Barbu, Halmageanu; Sasu, Dinu, Ionescu, Dobrin, Callo.

Poland (0) 0 18,000
Holland (0) 0
Poland: Kostka; Michalik, Latocha; Maszczyk (Dejna), Gmoch, Ozlislo; Bula, Smijewski, Lubanski, Jarosik, Faber.
Holland: Van Beveren; Suurbier, Warnas; Muller, Israel, Eykenbroeck; Jansen, Swart (Pahlplatz), Cruyff, Klijnjan, Van der Kuylen.

MAY 2

Sweden (1) 1 (Nordahl) 27,000
Spain (0) 1 (Castellanos)
Sweden: Larsson (S.); Selander, Axelsson; Jonsson (Lindmann), Nordquist, Grip; Larsson (B.), Eiderstedt (Svahn), Kindvall, Eriksson, Nordahl.
Spain: Iribar (Sadurni); Saez, Canos; Santos, Tonono, Gallego (Castellanos); Luis, Guedes, German, Rife, Claramunt.

MAY 4

Hungary (1) 2 (Farkas, Gorocs)
Russia (0) 0 80,000
Hungary: Fater; Novak, Ihasz; Meszoly, Solymosi, Szucs; Fazekas, Gorocs, Farkas, Varga, Rakosi.
Russia: Kavazashvili; Istomin, Anitchkin; Voronin, Shesternev, Khurtsilava; Chislenko, Kaplicznij, Banishevski, Malafeev, Streltzov.

MAY 8

Spain (0) 1 (Amancio) 120,000
England (0) 2 (Peters, Hunter)
Spain: Sadurni; Saez, Gallego; Pirri, Canos, Zoco; Rife, Amancio, Grosso, Velazquez, Gento.
England: Bonetti; Newton, Wilson; Mullery, Charlton (J.), Moore; Ball, Hunt, Charlton (R.), Peters, Hunter.

Wales (1) 1 (Davies R.) 8,163
West Germany (1) 1 (Overath)
Wales: Millington; Thomas, Green; Powell, England, Hole; Rees, Davies (W.), Davies (R.), Durban, Jones.
West Germany: Wolter (Bernard); Vogts, Hottges; Fichtel, Base, Weber; Laumen, Neuberger, Held, Overath (Netzer), Koppel.

MAY 11

Russia (1) 3 (Solymosi o.g., Khurtsilava, Byshovets) 103,000
Hungary (0) 0
Russia: Pschenitchnikov; Afonin, Anitchkin; Voronin, Shesternev, Khurtsilava; Chislenko, Banishevski, Byshovets, Kaplicznij, Evruchkin.
Hungary: Tamas; Novak, Ihasz; Meszoly, Solymosi, Szucs; Komora, Varga, Albert, Farkas, Rakosi.

MAY 15

Eire (0) 2 (Dempsey, Hale) 15,000
Poland (2) 2 (Lubanski, Hurley o.g.)
Eire: Kelly; Kinnear, Carroll; Fullam, Hurley, Meagan; Conmy, Treacy, Dempsey, Dunphy, Rogers.
Poland: Kostka; Bazan, Latocha; Winkler, Gmoch, Ozlislo; Bula, Smijewski, Lubanski, Jarosik, Faber.

MAY 19

Austria (3) 7 (Hof E. 5, 2 pens., Redl, Siber) 27,171
Cyprus (0) 1 (Kanzilieris)
Austria: Harreither; Gebhardt, Frohlich; Sturmberger, Glechner, Stamm; Parits (Koleznik), Hof (N.), Siber, Hof (E.), Redl (Wolny).
Cyprus: Alkiviadis; Christou (Pallas), Kavasis; Krystallis, Iakovou, Panajotou; Kantzilieris, Papadopoulos, Christodoulo (Kythreous), Pitharas, Stylianou.

MAY 22

England (2) 3 (Peters, Charlton, Hunt) 72,500
Sweden (0) 1 (Andersson)
England: Stepney; Newton, Knowles; Mullery, Labone, Moore; Bell, Hunt, Charlton (R.), Peters, Hunter.
Sweden: Larsson (S.) (Hult); Karlsson, Kristensson; Nordquist, Grip, Eriksson; Larsson (B.), Nordahl, Eiderstedt, Lindmann (Andersson), Persson.

MAY 30

Holland (0) 0 20,000
Scotland (0) 0
Holland: Van Beveren; Romeyn, Warnas; Groot, Israel, Eykenbroeck; Van Der Kuylen, Jansen, Hanegem, Klijnjan, Ronsenbrink.
Scotland: Clark; Fraser, McCreadie; Moncur, McKinnon, Greig; Henderson, Smith (D.), McLean, Hope, Cooke.

JUNE 1

West Germany (0) 1 (Labone o.g.) 79,154
England (0) 0
West Germany: Wolter; Vogts, Lorenz; Fichtel, Muller, Weber; Dorfel (B.), Beckenbauer, Lohr, Overath, Volkert.
England: Banks; Newton, Knowles; Hunter, Labone, Moore; Bell, Ball, Summerbee, Hurst, Thompson.

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JUNE 4

Finland (0) 1 (Tolsa) 16,084
Denmark (2) 3 (Lund 2, Lefevre)

Finland: Nasman; Niskakosi, Numilla; Mäkala, Makipaa, Kilponen; Noranen, Tolsa, Lundholm, Syrjavaara, Pelionen.

Denmark: Engedahl; Hansen (J.), Jensen (M.); Enemark, Yde, Kjaersgaard; Wiberg, Bak, Lund, Bernbug, Lefevre.

JUNE 5

Italy (0) 0 70,000
Russia (0) 0
(After extra time)

Italy: Zoff; Burgnich, Facchetti; Ferrini, Bercellino, Castano; Domenghini, Juliano, Mazzola, Rivera, Prati.

Russia: Pschenitchnikov; Istomin, Afonin; Lenev, Shesternev, Kaplicznij; Byshovets, Logofet, Banishevski, Malafeev, Evruchkin.

Yugoslavia (0) 1 (Dzajic) 21,834
England (0) 0

Yugoslavia: Pantelic; Fazlagic, Damjanovic; Trivic, Paunovic, Holcer; Petkovic, Osim, Musemic, Pavlovic, Dzajic.

England: Banks; Newton, Wilson; Mullery, Labone, Moore; Ball, Hunt, Charlton (R.), Peters, Hunter.

Rumania (0) 0 20,000
Holland (0) 0

Rumania: Coman (Haidu); Ivanescu, Deleanu; Dinu, Barbu, Halmageanu; Grozea, Dumitriu, Dumitrache, Dobrin, Ionescu.

Holland: Van Beveren; Romeyn, Warnas; Reenstra, Israel, Eykenbroeck; Klijnjan, Van der Kuylen, Hanegem, Jansen, Rosenbrink.

JUNE 8

Russia (0) 0 50,000
England (1) 2 (Hurst, Charlton)

Russia: Pschenitchnikov; Istomin, Afonin; Lenev, Shesternev, Kaplicznij; Byshovets, Logofet, Banishevski, Malafeev, Evruchkin.

England: Banks; Wright, Wilson; Stiles, Labone, Moore; Peters, Hunt, Charlton (R.), Hurst, Hunter.

Italy (0) 1 (Domenghini) 88,000
Yugoslavia (1) 1 (Dzajic)
(After extra time)

Italy: Zoff; Burgnich, Facchetti; Ferrini, Guarneri, Castano; Domenghini, Juliano, Anastasi, Lodetti, Prati.

Yugoslavia: Pantelic; Fazlagic, Damjanovic; Acimovic, Paunovic, Holcer; Petkovic, Trivic, Musemic, Pavlovic, Dzajic.

JUNE 9

Norway (0) 1 (Sunde) 8,000
Poland (3) 6 (Jarosik 3, Smijewski 2, Lubanski)

Norway: Andersen (S. Olsen); Borehaug, Eggen; Borno, Petersen, Norstad; Sunde, Berg, Iversen, Neilsen (O.), Olsen (P.).

Poland: Kostka; Winkler, Latocha; Wiczek, Gmoch, Ozlislo; Smijewski, Lubanski, Sadek, Blaut, Jarosik.

JUNE 10

Italy (2) 2 (Riva, Anastasi) 70,000
Yugoslavia (0) 0

Italy: Zoff; Burgnich, Facchetti; Rosato, Guarneri, Salvadore; Domenghini, Mazzola, Anastasi, De Sisti, Riva.

Yugoslavia: Pantelic; Fazlagic, Damjanovic; Acimovic, Paunovic, Holcer; Hosic, Trivic, Musemic, Pavlovic, Dzajic.

Brazil (1) 2 (Tostao, Sadi)
Uruguay (0) 0

Brazil: Claudio; Djalma Santos, Sadi; Piazza, Jurandir, Joel; Borges, Tostao, Cesar, Rivelino, Edu.

Uruguay: Mazurkiewicz; Dalmao, Mujica; Rocha, Castillo, Mendez; Virgili, Del Rio, Ibanez, Esparrago, Morales.

JUNE 12

Brazil (1) 4 (Borges, Tostao, Gerson, Jairzinho)
Uruguay (0) 0

Brazil: Claudio; Carlos Alberto, Sadi; Piazza (Rivelino), Jurandir, Joel; Paulo Borges, Jairzinho, Tostao, Gerson, Edu.

Uruguay: Bozzano; Dalmao, Castillo; Mujica, Fontes, Mendes; Deric, Rocha, Virgili, Ibanez, Morales.

JUNE 16

Russia (1) 3 (Gerschkovitsch, Asatiani, Vyun) 35,209
Austria (1) 1 (Hof I.)

Russia: Rudakov; Istomin, Levschenko (Basalyev); Vyun, Pichetko, Semin; Koslov, Evruchkin, Asatiani, Lenev (Chumakov), Gerschkovitsch.

Austria: Harreither; Gebhardt, Frohlich; Stamm, Glechner, Eigenstiller; Kaltembrunner, Senekovitch, Wolny, Hof I, Siber.

West Germany (1) 2 (Held, Dorfel) 75,000
Brazil (0) 1 (Tostao)

West Germany: Wolter; Vogts, Lorenz (Hottges); Fichtel, Muller, Weber; Dorfel (B.), Beckenhauer, Held, Overath, Neuberger.

Brazil: Claudio; Carlos Alberto, Sadi (Rildo); Denilson, Jurandir, Joel; Paulo Borges; Jairzinho (Cesar), Tostao, Gerson, Edu.

JUNE 19

Finland (1) 1 (Flink) 10,578
Belgium (0) 2 (Devrindt, Polleunis)

Finland: Heinonen; Makipaa, Jalonen; Syrjavaara, Numilla, Kilponen; Nuoranen, Flink, Tolsa, Toivanen, Linholm.

Belgium: Trappeniers; Heylens, Thiessen; Dewalque, Plaskie, Beurlet; Polleunis, Ritzen, Van Himst, Dockx, Devrindt.

JUNE 20

Poland (2) 3 (Blaut, Sadek pen., Smijewski) 51,128
Brazil (2) 6 (Natal, Rivellino 2, Jairzinho 2, Tostao)

Poland: Kostka; Winkler, Bazan; Dejna (Szoltysik), Gmoch, Ozlislo; Smijewski, Lubanski, Sadek (Gadocha), Blaut, Jarosik.

Brazil: Claudio; Carlos Alberto, Rildo; Rivelino, Brito, Joel; Jairzinho (Oberto), Gerson, Tostao, Natal, Edu (Eduardo).

JUNE 23

Czechoslovakia (1) 3 (Adamec 3) 55,000
Brazil (1) 2 (Natal, Jairzinho)

Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Pivarnik, Hagara; Geleta (Szikora), Pluss, Horvath; Vesely, Jokl, Adamec, Pollak, Kabat.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Rildo; Gerson, Brito, Joel; Jairzinho, Natal, Tostao, Rivelino, Edu (Eduardo).

Denmark (3) 5 (Troelsen 3, 1 pen., Larsen R. 2) 32,000
Norway (1) 1 (Presberg)

Denmark: Engedahl; Larsen (J.), Jensen (M.); Enemark, Yde, Kjaersgaard; Larsen (R.), Troelsen, Lund, Wiberg, Bilde.

Norway: Kaspersen (Thun); Mathiesen, Eggen; Bornoe, Pettersen (P.), Alsaker (Noesdahls); Sunde, Iversen, Pettersen (S.), Nilsen, Presberg.

JUNE 25

Yugoslavia (0) 0 20,000
Brazil (2) 2 (Carlos Alberto pen., Tostao)

Yugoslavia: Vukcevic; Aleksic, Damjanovic; Acimovic, Paunovic, Holcer; Prudanovic, Pavlovic (Boskovic), Musemic, Trivic (Verdic), Dzajic.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Rildo; Gerson, Brito, Joel; Jairzinho, Rivelino, Tostao, Eduardo (Cesar), Natal.

JUNE 27

Sweden (1) 2 (Lindmann, Nordahl) 12,000
Denmark (1) 1 (Nordquist o.g.)

Sweden: Pettersson; Karlsson (J.), Kristensson; Nordquist, Grip, Eriksson; Lindmann, Eiderstedt (Turesson), Andersson, Grahn (O.), Nordahl.

Denmark: Engedahl; Larsen (J.), Jensen (M.); Enemark, Yde, Kjaersgaard; Larsen (R.), Troelsen, Lund, Wiberg, Bilde.

JUNE 30

Portugal (0) 0 60,000
Brazil (0) 2 (Rivelino, Tostao)

Portugal: Americo; Cruz, Hilario; Pavao (Arthur Jorge), Armando, Jose Carlos; Graca, Pedras, Jose Augusto (Simoes), Coluna, Peres.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Rildo; Gerson, Brito, Joel; Jairzinho, Rivelino, Tostao, Natal, Edu.

JULY 10

Mexico (1) 2 (Borja 2) 71,036
Brazil (1) 1 (Rivelino)

Mexico: Mota; Gonzalez, Arevalo; Diaz, Nunez, Pena; Morales, Fragoso, Borja, Munguia, Padilla.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Rildo; Gerson, Brito, Joel; Natal, Jairzinho, Tostao, Rivelino, Eduardo.

AUGUST 2

Sweden (0) 2 (Eriksson, Grahn) 45,000
Russia (1) 2 (Gerschkovitsch, Khurtsilava)

Sweden: Hellstrom; Selander (Karlsson), Kristensson; Olsson (J.), Nordquist, Grip; Eiderstedt, Grahn, Eriksson (Andersson), Svensson, Bild.

Russia: Degterev; Bosolajev, Istomin; Kaplicznij, Chesternev, Khurtsilava; Muntijev, Gerschkovitsch, Byshovets (Lenev), Evruchkin, Mankrarov.

AUGUST 18

Norway (1) 4 (Iversen 2, 1 pen., Olsen D. pen., Berg) 18,300
Finland (0) 1 (Tolsa)

Norway: Olsen; Rodvang, Mathiesen; Borno, Spydevold, Eggen; Olsen (D.), Berg, Iversen, Nilsen (Eriksen), Sunde (Hasund).

Finland: Heinonen; Niskakosi (Havisto), Haikonen; Numelin, Jalonen, Syrjavaara; Laine, Lamberg (Tolsa), Pahlmann, Toivanen, Lindholm.

SEPTEMBER 4

Luxembourg (0) 0 46,000
Holland (1) 2 (Jansen, Hanegem)

Luxembourg: Hoffmann (R.); Kuffer, Hoffmann (J.); Hoffmann (N.), Jeitz, Ewen; Schmit, Konter, Dublin, Pilot, Kirchens.

Holland: Van Beveren; Suurbier, Van Duivenbode; Veenstra, Israel, Laseroms; Swart, Van der Kuylen, Hanegem, Jansen, Moulijn.

SEPTEMBER 10

Israel (0) 2 (Spiegler, Talbi) 20,000
Northern Ireland (3) 3 (Irvine 2, Dougan)

Israel: Levin (Melica); Schwager, Bar; Rosen, Bello, Rosenthal; Spiegel, Sharabini, Borba (Young), Spiegler, Talbi.

Carnus of France.

N. Ireland: Jennings; Rice, Jackson; McKeag, Neill, Harvey; Sloan, McMordie, Dougan (Gaston), Irvine, Ross.

SEPTEMBER 15

Norway (1) 1 (Olsen D. pen.)
Sweden (1) 1 (Eriksson) 30,000

Norway: Olsen (S. B.); Rodvang, Mathiesen; Spydevold, Eggen, Borno; Olsen (D.), Berg, Iversen, Nilsen, Sunde.

Sweden: Hellstrom; Karlsson, Kristensson; Gummesson, Nordquist, Grip; Olsen (J.), Palsson, Lindman, Eriksson, Andersson.

SEPTEMBER 22

Switzerland (1) 1 (Quentin)
Austria (0) 0 23,000

Switzerland: Grob; Ramseier, Michaud; Tacchella, Stierli (P.), Durr; Kuhn, Winiger, Odermatt, Kunzli, Quentin (Vuilleumier).

Austria: Harreither; Gebhardt, Fak; Sturmberger, Russ, Eigenstiller; Hof, Fritsch, Kogelberger, Kaltenbruner, Hormayer.

SEPTEMBER 25

Denmark (0) 0 31,500
Czechoslovakia (2) 3 (Jokl, Kuna, Hagara)

Denmark: Enegdahl; Larsson, Jensen (M.); Enemark, Yde, Lund, Wiberg, Mortensen, Jensen (B.), Printzlau, Lefevre.

Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Dubias, Hagara; Szikora, Pluss, Horvath; Jokl, Kuna, Adamec, Vesely (B.), Capkovic.

Yugoslavia (2) 9 (Zambata 3, Musemic 3, Dzajic 2, Osim)
Finland (0) 0 8,000

Yugoslavia: Corkovic; Cvek, Jeftic; Pavlovic, Belin, Holcer; Zambata, Osim, Musemic, Petkovic, Dzajic.

Finland: Nasman; Nekipaja, Naikonen; Numelin, Jalonen, Kilponen; Nuoranen, Tolsa, Toivanen, Hakila, Lindholm.

France (0) 1 (Bosquier) 30,000
West Germany (0) 1 (Overath)

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Baeza (Lemerre); Jacquet, Mitoraj, Bosquier; Blanchet (Loubet), Revelli, Szepaniak, Betta, Beretta.

West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Lorenz; Fichtel, Schulz, Muller (L.) (Netzer); Dorfel, Beckenhauer, Muller (G.), Overath, Held.

OCTOBER 9

Belgium (3) 6 (Polleunis 3, Puis 2, 1 pen., Semmeling) 15,000
Finland (0) 1 (Tolsa)

Belgium: Boone; Heylens, Thiessen; Van Moer, Dewalque (Dockx), Peters; Semmeling, Polleunis, Van Himst, Bettens, Puis.

Finland: Heinonen; Makipaa, Flink; Nummeling, Kilponen, Jalonen; Nuoranen, Tolsa, Nikkanen, Aikkela (Toivanen), Lindholm.

(More next month)

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Casino de Paris	Hampstead Theatre	New Manhattan	Tropicana (Croydon)
Charlie Chester's	Knightsbridge Studio	Northwick Park	Tudor
Churchills	Le Reims	100	Vanity Fair
Concorde	Living Room	Raymond Revuebar	Venus Room
Court	Maddox	Renaissance	Victoria Sporting
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